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THE COMING SESSION.

THE secret of Queen's Speeches is generally well kept, and this year official reticence will perhaps be facilitated because there may be little to conceal or to tell. Politicians out of doors know as well as the Cabinet that there is no pressure for legislation, and the Government is not likely to go out of its way in search of debateable topics. The honours of the session may possibly be reserved for the LORD CHANCELLOR, if he is prepared to undertake the enterprise of reforming the law relative to the transfer of land. The bodies and the bones of his predecessors who strove in other days to pass through the wilderness of conveyancing will not appal an adventurer who is supposed to cherish a just confidence in his own ability and fortune. One more illustration may be added to the proverb that "the many fail, the one succeeds;" and even if it is found impracticable to effect any important change in the law, Lord WESTBURY may urge in his defence that he has no longer the power of advocating his own measures in the House of Commons. Legal reform, though important and useful, can never afford an interesting subject of debate, for the days are long past when abuses were identified with the ascendancy of Lord ELDON.

The legislative functions of Parliament now seldom give rise to political divisions; and perhaps the best prospect of a party dispute is furnished by a proposed administrative change which need not even be embodied in a Bill. The Revised Code, as it is called, of the Committee of Council, though it is not a measure of primary importance, happens to affect the interests of a large and active class, while it at the same time bears on the systems both of practical and of theoretical promoters of education. All the schoolmasters, three-fourths of the clergy, and a considerable section of philanthropic laymen, are opposed to the economic purists, to the scientific utilitarians, and to the department of the Government which distributes the Parliamentary grants. The merits of the controversy will hereafter be discussed at length, but the issue may, with little difficulty, be foreseen. Mr. LOWE, in his wide range of accomplishments, scarcely includes the gift of persuading an audience to acquiesce in projects which appear harsh and unpopular; and his statements will probably be too clear and too candid to conceal the real purpose of checking the impulse which the State has given to education. The advocates of his scheme in the press have unwisely affected to treat the managers of schools as greedy recipients of the public bounty. It would be as reasonable to taunt the Committee of a hospital with recourse to eleemosynary aid. The school managers are voluntary benefactors who double out of their own pockets the grants which they gratuitously apply to the intended purpose. In country parishes, the leader both in pecuniary liberality and in administrative activity is, with few exceptions, the clergyman; and any diminution of Government assistance must be made at the cost either of the local contributors or of the efficient management of the school. If the present grant is advantageously applied, it is fairer to draw it out of the pockets of tax-payers than to impose further burdens on those who have already borne more than their share. For the present purpose, it is sufficient to say that the school managers will form an active and powerful body, and that they may therefore safely count on the support of the Opposition. Mr. DISRAELI recently advised the clergy to abstain from theological investigations, for the purpose of devoting themselves exclusively to the business of organized co-operation with their friends in Parliament. The clergy are happily ceasing to be Tories; but when they have a special motive for action, they know where to look for political allies. The New Minute will be exposed to attacks

which it will never survive in an unutilized shape; and Lord PALMERSTON will take good care not to risk the fate of his Government on an unpopular experiment. The House of Commons can never be moved to enthusiasm by the prospect of a small saving, and all the popular phrases and respectable commonplaces will be on the side of the opponents.

A far more serious and difficult question will be raised by the representatives of American trade, and by the considerable party which favours the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. It is uncertain how far the contest will be carried on within the walls of Parliament, for a Government which commands public confidence can effectually discountenance inconvenient discussions on foreign policy. During the last session, the House steadily refused to notice the American quarrel, and although the reasons for absolute silence have become less forcible, any appeal which Lord PALMERSTON may make to the prudence and patriotism of members will be readily answered. Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. COBDEN will not be forward to promote discussions in which they would appear as zealous advocates of Protection, and especially of war. Mr. DISRAELI, who seldom misses the opportunity of a blunder, will perhaps, in the debate on the Address, take an opportunity of assailing the Government on its strongest point. Last year he protested against Italian unity, and he will now grudge the Ministers the credit which they have deservedly acquired by the vigorous preparations for war which alone secured an honourable peace. Lord PALMERSTON will be well content to be attacked for his conduct in the *Trent* affair, and possibly he may not be unwilling to feel the pulse of the House on the American question in general. It is, however, much to be wished that incidental debates on the war and on the conduct of the Federalists may be, as far as possible, avoided. Nothing is more offensive to foreign countries than the establishment of a Parliamentary censorship on their proceedings, and the practice becomes still more inconvenient where sympathy with external factions sometimes degenerates into partisanship. The followers of Mr. BRIGHT identify themselves with the policy of one of the belligerents far more heartily than they have ever been known to interest themselves in any struggle which concerned their own country. There are, happily, no supporters of the Confederates so enthusiastic and unscrupulous; but exaggerated zeal tends to produce equally vehement antagonism, and it is certain that American affairs are discussed with a bitterness which would scarcely be called forth by a civil war in Germany or in Italy. There will be no disposition to overrule the decisions of the Government; and it is desirable that the Federalists should not be misled by the language which may be used in debate.

Unless the recent menaces of Austria have a practical meaning, there are happily no immediate European complications for Parliament to discuss. The relations of France with England have not, for several years, been as friendly as they are at present, and the prudent conduct of French finance furnishes the best security for a corresponding policy. The expedition to Mexico is so unintelligible in its purpose that it must admit of some explanation which may at least purport to satisfy Parliament. It is impossible to suppose that Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL have made up their minds to undertake an unnecessary war for the aggrandizement of Spain, with the ulterior object of bringing Lord DERBY into power. A prosperous and popular Government, which nevertheless rests on a narrow majority, has every motive for practising ordinary prudence; and the Ministers are safe, unless they place themselves wantonly in the wrong on some important question. It is unlucky that the English Temple of Janus seems to have doors which never can be absolutely shut. Except for this untoward Mexican

business, there would, at present, be not a chink left open. There must be a financial provision for the expenses of the war which has been fortunately avoided, and the two or three millions which will be required for the late preparations will be granted with a sense that money was never better or more economically spent. By a rare felicity of the Government, the War Office and the Admiralty are, for the moment, in comparatively good odour, at the same time that the principal Minister has transcended even his previous popularity. Of the financial measures of the year, which, according to custom, are not mentioned in the QUEEN'S Speech, it is only known from a semi-official declaration that Mr. GLADSTONE does not despond. The country willingly accepts the omen, and participates in the official confidence. Nothing can be more serene than the prospect of the session, but experience shows that the most important events and the gravest difficulties are those which are unforeseen.

EARL RUSSELL'S DESPATCH.

THE ground traversed by Lord RUSSELL in the last despatch to Mr. SEWARD which he has published has been so thoroughly fought over that interest can scarcely be got up for a fresh passage of arms. The document probably represents all the best legal advice which the Government has been able to obtain; and it is creditable to the country that the industry and acumen of the highest professional authorities has added nothing to the arguments which have long since been at the disposal of laymen. The English despatch will convey novel information to Americans only. Their own newspapers can scarcely help reprinting it, and they will have, for the first time, the opportunity of learning the strength of the law which Captain WILKES defied. Mr. SEWARD was the first person who told them that the adroit captor of the Envoys had been guilty of the least irregularity; and he conceded no more than that there had been a trivial omission. It will now be seen whether they can imitate the fairness and frankness which in this country gave the utmost weight to the feeblest suggestion of a defence for the great wrong which had been inflicted on us.

The longer the question is discussed, the more the truth emerges that the substantial injury consisted in visiting the *Trent* at all. The Law of Nations carefully distinguishes between the Right of Visitation and the Right of Search—the former having for its object to verify the flag, and to establish the destination of the vessel alleging itself to be neutral. Nothing can be more certain than that, if the nationality of the ship and the innocence of her voyage can be ascertained without visiting her, the Right of Visitation is excluded. It would be too much to assert that a belligerent may not stop a vessel which is apparently steering her course between two neutral ports, for her destination may be merely pretended and colourable. But if he can ascertain all the material circumstances connected with her by evidence not merely in his own possession, but in the possession of all the world, it is a wanton affront to exercise against her a privilege which can only be justified on the assumption that the object can be attained in no other way. The notoriety of the character in which the *Trent* sailed at once places Captain WILKES's act beyond the possibility of defence. She was a postal vessel, which never on any occasion deviated from her course between two ports which belonged to neutral Powers. Such vessels are a novelty in the history of navigation, and therefore it is only by the interpretation of general principles that we can divine the rules which Courts of Admiralty would apply to them. But there had been a general expectation among International jurists that they would be considered exempt from all molestation, even in the event of their course lying from a neutral to a belligerent port. Both M. HAUTEFEUILLE and Mr. LAWRENCE, the American commentator on WHEATON, —writers belonging to different schools of public law—had expressed a confident opinion that, in future wars, postal ships would be treated with peculiar leniency. No one could have supposed that any belligerent would have the audacity to arrest one of these vessels on a voyage which would have been innocent on the part of an ordinary ship. Either of the jurists we have mentioned, if asked to express an opinion before the civil war in America broke out, would have pronounced that in all probability the *Trent* would be allowed to continue her regular passages even if she had been in the habit of carrying the mails between the Havannah and New

Orleans. If their attention had been called to the chance of her being stopped between the Havannah and St. Thomas's, they would have scouted the suggestion as unworthy of serious discussion.

It would be unjust to the American Government to deny that the release of the Envoys was an act of great courage. The more is the pity that a Minister who had screwed himself to such a point could not bring himself to go a little further. Never was eulogy more undeserved than that which Mr. SEWARD has received from Mr. SUMNER. He had, indeed, an opportunity of placing on record the adherence of Great Britain to a number of principles most valuable to neutrals and their commerce; but he threw the opportunity away, and, though there is small prospect in future of these principles being denied or neglected, their championship rests with England, and not with the United States. The economists of the Federal Union in this country and in France appear to forget that the United States have solemnly questioned two great principles—the principle that the quality of contraband of war can only attach to merchandise on its hostile destination being proved, and the principle that a voyage between two neutral ports is always, by its very nature, innocent. Lord RUSSELL has now had the honour of vindicating against Mr. SEWARD these two positions which belong to the very essence of neutral independence. Mr. SUMNER may call this "penitence" on the part of the English Minister, but such sarcasms come only from those who are unacquainted with the history of English and American Admiralty law. It has been said of Lord STOWELL, that he was always under the influence of a feeling that the brunt of the contest with NAPOLEON had to be borne by the Judge of the English Court of Admiralty. But, with all his undoubted severity to neutrals, Lord STOWELL never said a word, or allowed one to fall from his pen, which justifies even by inference the audacious assumptions of Mr. SEWARD. Certainly, M. HAUTEFEUILLE, whose view of Lord STOWELL is that he administered no law except the law of the strongest, must have been startled to find that the most important privileges of neutrals have to be supported by his authority against the successors of MADISON and MONROE.

It is not easy to see why Mr. SEWARD, instead of taking the course which Mr. SUMNER has gratuitously praised him for taking, chose to demonstrate elaborately that Captain WILKES had erred in nothing except a slight irregularity. The mere muddleheadedness with which the *Times* charges him is not reconcileable with the astute political management which raised him to power. He rather seems to have supposed that the American public would, for some reason, be gratified by his placing on the narrowest grounds the act of justice which he acknowledged himself bound to perform. If he wished to encourage his countrymen in their impressions of English unkindliness, and in their plans of future vengeance against this country, he could not have effected his object better than by insinuating that Great Britain had preferred a war with the United States to giving way on a small point of form. It is possible, however, that a simpler explanation of Mr. SEWARD's peculiar line of argument may be the true one. We cannot help noticing that the reasoning of the Minister is precisely the reasoning which had satisfied the American press; that the pretended authorities cited are precisely those which had been supplied to the newspapers; that the silence on the multitude of considerations which pointed the other way is exactly the same characteristic which distinguished the leading articles of American journalists. It is also a significant circumstance that the one point on which Mr. SEWARD allows Captain WILKES to have been wrong is exactly the point on which the opinions of the English law officers were supposed (no doubt erroneously) to have exclusively hinged. Can it be that Mr. SEWARD, like too many of his countrymen, takes his law entirely from his newspapers, pushes his researches no further than they have done, and slurs over adverse authorities as coolly as they? If so, one understands how, by combining newspaper dissertations on the American case with newspaper rumours of the English case, the SECRETARY of STATE came to pen the despatch in which he threw away the opportunity of showing his Government to the world in an attitude of grace and dignity. Mr. SEWARD has possibly an unpleasant surprise awaiting him in the discovery that there was less in the law of the American press, and more in the arguments of the English law officers, than he had chosen to imagine.

THE EMPEROR AND THE POPE.

WHEN Baron RICASOLI lately informed his impatient auditors at Turin that the Roman question was not at a standstill, and that more progress had been made than was generally supposed, he was probably quite aware that, on the opening of the French Session, what he meant would be satisfactorily explained. The Legislative Body is now about to enter on its one yearly debate, and, next to the consideration of the financial difficulties of France, the most important topic of discussion will be the relation of France with the Court of Rome. Accordingly, papers explaining the latest position of affairs have been laid before it, and from them it appears that about three weeks ago M. THOUVENEL was instructed to write a sort of mild ultimatum to the POPE, and M. LAVALETTE, the French representative at Rome, was instructed to obtain and report the POPE's answer. M. THOUVENEL's despatch is a remarkable document, and commits the EMPEROR in a very decided way to the side of the Italians. They have now an official expression of the views of France to which they can confidently appeal. It is very polite, and full of what Cardinal ANTONELLI terms "affectionate interest." But very often it is the most disagreeable communications that are the most polite; and if there is one thing which a person in the power of the EMPEROR may reasonably dread, it is a display of the affectionate interest which prompts a strong man to explain to a weak one how he had best get out of an ugly scrape. M. THOUVENEL invites his HOLINESS to observe that the point has been fairly tried, that sufficient time has been allowed, and that it is now obvious to all the world that no one will stir a finger to help him. The impotence of the goodwill of Austria is delicately hinted by coupling her name with those of Spain and Bavaria as the only Powers that have ever shown strong dissatisfaction with the proceedings of VICTOR EMMANUEL. The POPE is then asked to observe that he is thoroughly hated in Italy, that he has no power there, and that a gulf is yawning between him and his immediate neighbours, which may swallow up many more things and people than good Catholics would care to lose. France does not enter into the right and wrong of all this. She takes her stand on the facts; and as these dreadful things have happened, she very plainly and strongly advises the POPE to make the best of them. It is still open to him to strike a good bargain, and she will be most happy to play the part of his good friend, and see that he is not cheated. If the POPE likes to shut his eyes and decline to see the sun at midday, he can. If he will not look his position in the face, and understand that Italy will be protected in the retention of all that is already won, and induced to ask a great deal more by the exposure of the dangers with which her final alienation would threaten the Church, the Court of Rome must take all the responsibility. The EMPEROR has pronounced his decision that the present is the right hour for the POPE to come to an understanding with Italy; and henceforth Europe will know that the evils which the rejection of this opportunity may entail on the Church are not to be laid at the door of her Eldest Son.

It is obvious that this appeal to facts will have great influence in determining the line taken in the French Chambers. The EMPEROR might perhaps have long ago risked with safety a much shorter method of dealing with the POPE. It is possible that there would have been no serious opposition if General GOYON and his men had been securely laid up in lavender before this, and withdrawn from the region of moral *soufflets*. But the EMPEROR chose to be very cautious. He would make sure that France was with him, or at least not against him, in this great matter. Accordingly, he challenged all the fiercest Ultramontanes to say their worst in a public debate. This trial of strength came off last year, and although there was some eloquent and much fervid declamation in honour of the Papal cause, it was evident that the POPE's friends had no hold upon the Legislative Body; and, what was of infinitely greater importance, found no echo in the great public outside. The elections in the autumn of last year proved that the influence of the priests was absolutely insignificant when set against that of the Government. It is reasonably expected that the forthcoming debate on the Address will show an increasing willingness to let the EMPEROR take his own course in settling the very difficult questions to which any plan for turning the POPE into the first of Italian Bishops must necessarily give rise. If, however, the matter had to be decided by the abstract considera-

tion of the POPE's rights and claims, there is no reason why as much might not be said on his side now as two years or one year ago, or as at any time in a remote futurity. But when once the debate has shifted from the sphere of theory to that of facts, the case is very different. It is the fact that Italy retains all that she has taken by the strong hand from the POPE, and that no Catholic Power is willing to fight for him. It is the fact that in France itself there is no real care for the POPE's temporal power, and that opposition to its abolition grows fainter and fainter. It is the fact that the POPE and the Italians live, as M. THOUVENEL expresses it, in two hostile camps. Cardinal ANTONELLI, indeed, had the face to assure M. LAVALETTE that there was no disunion between the Sovereign Pontiff and Italy, and that the relations of the POPE with Italy were excellent. Everything may be pardoned to a Cardinal, but no common layman would venture to assert that the POPE and the Italians were at peace and harmony with each other. It was a theory of the French Legitimists that LOUIS XVIII. had never ceased to reign, although M. BUONAPARTE had been kind enough to relieve him of the cares of royalty for a certain period. In the same way, Cardinals may adroitly affect to believe that the Romagnese are devout and loyal subjects of the POPE, only circumstances have made it convenient that the King of SARDINIA should act as the POPE's steward and representative. But euphemisms of this kind have no weight whatever with people at Paris. The POPE has friends there, but they are spell-bound by finding that his cause, however excellent, is daily growing more hopeless. To men in such a frame of mind any decision imposed from without is welcome, so long as it does not come in a shape that wounds their feelings. They are now informed that the EMPEROR has decided; but as all that he has decided is that the POPE must make the best bargain he can, this decision is not very vexatious or irritating. They may not like to say that they acknowledge the EMPEROR to be right, but they will virtually own this if they accept the facts he submits to them, and are unable to draw any other conclusion from those facts except that into which he is guiding them.

The Court of Rome has determined not to comply with the EMPEROR's recommendation. It will have nothing to do with any bargains, and, so long as Cardinal ANTONELLI is supreme, there is every probability that it will cling tenaciously to its resolution. It is by no means certain that this is not the very best thing it could do. The advice to the POPE to abandon his temporal power as soon as he can, comes from rather suspicious quarters. Farsighted Catholics, who know the practical working of the Papacy and the enormous advantages it derives from the undivided ownership of a great centre of ecclesiastical machinery, are by no means willing to acquiesce in the doctrine, so strenuously advocated by Protestant theorists, that the spiritual power of the POPE is wholly distinct from his temporal power. It is true that the POPE might now make a good bargain, but there is a possibility of his never having to make a bargain at all. When once this view has been adopted, it is easy to defend it by the irrefragable arguments of ecclesiastical law. Cardinal ANTONELLI informed M. LAVALETTE that it was perfectly idle to propose bargains to the POPE which involved the sacrifice of any part of his temporal power, because he was wholly incompetent to enter into any bargain of the sort. The temporal power is the property, not of any one POPE, but of the Church, and even if the POPE and the whole College of Cardinals agreed unanimously to alienate the property of the Holy See, they would be powerless to transfer a single acre of it. This is good sound canonical law, and if the POPE is not to be bound by canonical law, who is to respect it? The argument is theoretically unanswerable. M. LAVALETTE felt this, and calmly replied that he was not discussing the question as one of right, but as one of facts to be judged by practical common sense. In plain words, he recommended the POPE to put his canonical scruples quietly in his pocket. The advice had good foundations to rest on. Theoretically, it is absurd to urge a man to sell who proves to you that he has no title to give to the buyer; but you may remind him that he has sold in this way before, and no harm has come of it. Church history proves that facts have often overridden ecclesiastical logic, and that the Church has managed to shut its eyes to the flaw in the transaction when it has been willing that its property should go out of its hands. The POPE, for example, was quite ready to cede part of his patrimony to Austria in the

negotiations of Vienna. But then Austria was a stout friend of religion—and logic and canon law were not meant to hurt or impede the friends of the Church. When the Government of the POPE thinks that the acceptance of a bargain is a less evil than the endurance of the consequences of a protracted resistance, it will easily find a way of escaping from the legal coils in which it now winds itself for protection. It will, perhaps, not exactly give or cede its possessions, but it may easily arrange to be peaceably dispossessed of them, and accept as substantial an equivalent in return as it can manage to exact. The time for this has not yet come. The argument from facts is not quite strong enough; but it is an argument which, when once it has begun to thrive, gains new strength every day. If M. THOUVENEL's despatch meets with a reception which shows that France is convinced that the facts are against the POPE, this in itself will be a new fact which will considerably increase the sum of facts destined to coerce the Court of Rome into a forgetfulness of the doctrine that the possessions of the Church are for ever inalienable.

LORD CLARENCE PAGET ON THE ADMIRALTY.

IT is not every one who can appreciate modesty and reserve. Lord CLARENCE PAGET can. In the speech which, in spite of his retiring diffidence, he felt it his duty to address to his constituents at Deal, he remarked with much justice that, notwithstanding our signal triumph over the United States, it was a trait honourable to this country that there had been no boasting about the matter. The fact is, Englishmen don't know how to boast, and Lord CLARENCE PAGET likes them the better for it. As an English sailor, he has of course a double allowance of the spirit which so honourably distinguishes his country. He can't boast, and besides, as he ingenuously suggests, he and his friends at the Board have been behaving so unexceptionably well that it is quite unnecessary for them to blow their own trumpet. It must have been exquisitely painful to an orator of so sensitive and modest a disposition to be compelled to recount the triumphant performances of his Department. He would not for the world indulge in the unseemly spirit of exultation which he congratulated his countrymen on having resolutely cast out, but he was forced to admit that the facts were dead against him when he tried to be humble and meek. He could not help it if the Government was really an extremely good and energetic Government, and the Admiralty the very best of all possible Admiralties. Distressing as it was to him to allude to his own and his colleagues' achievements, he was bound to tell a plain tale, and to let the sailor men of Deal know that the management of the navy had attained to absolute perfection, that ships had been fitted and commissioned and manned with a speed until now unheard of, and that, unprepared as we were for war when the American difficulty arose, a few weeks sufficed not only to send a fully equipped army of more than 10,000 men across the Atlantic, and to land them safely in Canada, but at the same time to strengthen our North American squadron with a dozen splendid frigates, which are really line-of-battle ships in disguise. There is not a word of exaggeration in this. We have said before that it was a most praiseworthy performance on the part of the Admiralty, and, remembering the more remote as well as the immediate past, we cannot dispute Lord CLARENCE's assertion, that "these things" are novelties. It is, indeed, a novelty for a Secretary to the Admiralty to be able to say that a magnificent frigate like the *Phaeton* was commissioned on the 2nd of November, and was ready on the 7th to cross the Atlantic with a crew of between 500 and 600 men—that the *Orlando*, a still larger ship, sailed fully manned for the expected scene of war just one week after she was commissioned, and that an entire fleet was got ready and despatched with almost equal rapidity—without a hitch or a hindrance, and without the necessity of drawing a man from the Reserve which had so eagerly pressed forward for service. Even this does not tell the whole tale, for the Admiralty, provident for once, had still on its hands the crews of two or three frigates ready to be put on board at an hour's notice. It would be not only ungenerous but unjust to detract from the merit of these achievements. The truth is, that upon this occasion the old Board of Admiralty has done its duty; and, as Lord CLARENCE observed, this is so complete a novelty that it ought not to pass without due celebration. The cheerful Secretary of the reinvigorated Board feels positive that they will meet with their reward; and assuredly neither the country nor Parliament

will grudge the fullest acknowledgment to merit so undoubted and so unexpected.

Granting, without any mental reservation, that a large debt is due to our navy officials, we are only anxious to know how they will take it. No one can have the smallest objection to seeing the obligation worked off in jubilant speeches like that which was dragged from the reluctant lips of the member for Deal; but we fancy we can trace in the unwonted exultation of the Secretary some indication of the use which the Board may be tempted to make of their success. It might in the end cost even more than it has been worth if it should come to be regarded as an absolute and conclusive set-off against all the delinquencies which have been committed in times gone by, and all the shortcomings which are possible—perhaps Lord CLARENCE would say they are impossible—in future. Fitting and sending to sea a splendid fleet on extremely short notice, though a very important part of the duties of the Admiralty, does not quite exhaust them; and although the country will certainly not grumble at any expense which may have been incurred on such an occasion, there are questions about thrift and management and discipline which are not answered by the catalogue of the North American squadron. Lord CLARENCE is no doubt quite right in assuming that for a short time, the Admiralty may float in triumph with the cargo of political capital which it has fairly won out of the American dispute. Just now, if any one were injudicious enough to ask how the books were kept at Woolwich, it would be acknowledged as an entirely satisfactory answer to retort that it only took five days to man the *Shannon*. An impertinent inquiry as to the existing system of steam tactics might be quashed with equal success by observing that the strength of the Naval Reserve had risen to 9000 men. It is, of course, quite open to the Admiralty to take payment for their merits in this sort of coin; but, if they are wise, they will prefer Lord CLARENCE's theory of modesty, and use their one achievement as an incentive to hearty and vigorous reform in every branch of the service that requires it.

After all, it must be remembered that the country at large deserves at least one half of the credit which seems at first sight to belong to the Admiralty. To what, asks Lord CLARENCE, are we to attribute this marvellous change? and he adds, "It is because England is liberal and Parliament is liberal. I can go to the House of Commons and ask for anything for the sea-men, and the House will grant it." This is the truth, though not quite the whole truth. Something more than liberality has gone to the production of the fleet which was so opportunely built in the years of peace that preceded this sudden threat of war. First gun-boats, then liners, then frigates, then *Warriors*, were built, not because public liberality allowed the Admiralty to build them, but because public importunity insisted that a long-neglected duty should at last be attended to. So as to the Reserve. The appointment of a Commission was forced on the Government of the day, and the pressure from without was supposed to have something to do with the practical adoption of its report. The issue long trembled in the balance, but it is perhaps not premature to say that the scheme has proved in great measure successful, and that we may, in the course of a few years, have a Reserve which will bear some proportion to the requirements of a great naval war. Thanks to the additional stimulus of recent events, we are likely to see an iron squadron afloat sooner than had been expected; and, with men and ships in abundance, what more, the Admiralty may ask, can reasonably be desired? Well, there are yet a few things which, if attainable, would be most gratifying to the country. We should like to see a uniform system of discipline established which should be firm without being harsh, and improved regulations for promotion which should ensure an adequate supply of young and well-trained officers. It would be pleasant to know that the dockyards were capable of accommodating all the vessels which might need refitting in time of war, and still more pleasant to believe that they were administered without wasting more than a reasonable percentage of the public money. But the reform of all others which would be most satisfactory would be a Naval Department which would work without the spur, and do all that the Board of Admiralty has just done, without the constant goading which alone has kept our naval officials up to the mark. In short, if it were not asking too much, we should be glad that the "novelties" of which Lord CLARENCE boasts should become the ordinary

features of naval management, and that the *Trent* affair should be known hereafter, not as an example of the spasmodic efforts which have on rare emergencies been made by Boards of Admiralty, but as the commencement of a new era of administration, when efficiency and thrift shall be equally regarded, and when it shall be no longer possible for a candid SECRETARY to say, as Lord CLARENCE PAGET says, of the conduct of his own department, that "the Navy has "never yet had justice done to it."

THE FRENCH EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE EMPEROR'S Speech at the opening of the session was prudent and moderate, and, if it were to be judged by an English standard, it might be thought unduly apologetic. But the privilege of standing above political controversy only belongs to constitutional monarchy; and an absolute sovereign, to whom all other functionaries are exclusively responsible, is occasionally called on to vindicate his policy before the country or its representatives. There may be some foundation for the EMPEROR'S defence against the charge of financial mismanagement, but explanations always involve the inconvenience of being liable, in their turn, to be explained away. According to the French saying, he who excuses himself accuses himself, and it is not convenient for an absolute ruler to acknowledge that he can by any possibility have been in the wrong. It will probably be better to leave financial expositions to M. FOULD, who is not responsible for the extravagance which he hopes to correct and to repair. It is true that a large part of the floating debt was anterior to the establishment of the Empire, nor can it be denied that the large expenditure which has been incurred has produced large national returns in the form of gratification and of glory; but, nevertheless, it is unsatisfactory to pay for brilliant periods of prosperity out of the national capital. It was not considered necessary to remind the Legislative Body that the floating debt only forms a small part of the excess of expenditure over the ordinary revenue. Since the commencement of the Empire, the funded debt has increased by a hundred and fifty millions sterling, and unless large reductions are made in the naval and military establishments, the new taxes which are proposed must necessarily be rendered permanent. There can, however, be no doubt of the perfect solvency of France, if the Government perseveres in the present policy of peace. Little wars in Mexico and Cochin China will at most add a few millions to the debt, and the returns of the Customs under the improved tariff will provide a steady and reliable increase of income. The best part of the new financial system consists in the fact that the EMPEROR has turned his attention to the establishment of an equilibrium. It is possible to calculate with some confidence on a policy which is founded on arithmetic.

The prudent counsels of England may be traced in the temperate reference to the civil war in America. For the present, it may be collected that not even the distress of the weavers at Lyons will induce the French Government to open the markets of the Southern States to French silks which might be exchanged for cotton. The Federalists will do well to profit by a delay which is not likely to be indefinitely prolonged. The EMPEROR pledges himself to nothing by his avowed intention to abstain from interference as long as the rights of neutrals are strictly observed. There was never any question of opening the blockade, except on the ground that it was insufficiently enforced. The complaints of merchants and manufacturers will find expression in the debates on the Address, and perhaps it may appear that the number of evasions by foreign traders has been exaggerated in common report. England and France are but little concerned with the safe passage of coasting vessels through the inner waters or lagoons of the Southern coast; but if a similar immunity is practically allowed to ships which are bound to or from European ports, a strong pressure will be placed on the French and even on the English Government. The opinion of the Legislative Body will not be without its influence on the decisions of the EMPEROR, but he is probably convinced that Lord PALMERSTON and his colleagues have been well advised in recommending that the disruption should be left to complete itself without foreign aid to either party. The probable failure of the impending expeditions, and the inevitable financial collapse, will alter the conditions of the struggle before the spring is over. It is possible that within three months the

blockade may be voluntarily raised, and on the other hand, it may perhaps be rendered more effective. In any case, there is no hurry for European interference, even if it should unfortunately become eventually unavoidable. A considerable time must elapse before the export of cotton can be reorganized, and, except by the sale of their crops, the Southern planters have no means of paying for foreign imports.

There appears to be some advance towards a solution of the Roman difficulty. M. LAVALETTE has informed Cardinal ANTONELLI that the POPE must make up his mind to acquiesce in territorial changes which no Catholic Power is prepared to oppose or to undo. If the Holy See refuses to reconcile itself to Italy, the consequences will mainly be felt by the Church. It will not, as the French Minister hints, be possible permanently to maintain the Papal Government in Rome itself by a foreign garrison. The despatch was evidently timed so as to influence the debates on the Address, and there is some reason to hope that the ecclesiastical and reactionist party in the Chambers will be less united in support of the Papal claims than in the discussions of last year. If Cardinal ANTONELLI had been in the secret confidence of the EMPEROR, he could scarcely have recorded his intentions more effectively than by his curiously insolent reply. The SECRETARY OF STATE coolly informs the French Minister that the POPE is already on the best terms with Italy, although he has not acknowledged the Italian Government. With the nation he considers that he has no occasion to reconcile himself; and it is implied that the King of ITALY will shortly have to make way for the ecclesiastical chief whom he has imprudently defied. In precisely the same spirit PAUL IV. would probably have declared that he was satisfied with his relations to England during the usurped tenure of the throne by the heretic ELIZABETH. The alliance of the Church with political disaffection is not a new occurrence in history, although modern Ultramontanism has generally identified itself with the cause of absolutism and of so-called order; yet French sensibilities will not be conciliated by the impudent pretensions of the priesthood to overrule and ignore a great national revolution. An open alliance with the malcontent subjects of a *de facto* Government is not the less an outrage because it is avowed by the professed representative of conscience and religion. The POPE might have been excused if he had still questioned the validity of the transfer of his own severed provinces; but he has uniformly undertaken the advocacy of the dispossessed secular princes, and he has all but made the claims of the Duke of MODENA and the King of NAPLES indispensable articles of faith. Even the most obstinate Legitimists, or the more fantastical followers of M. GUIZOT, will hesitate to applaud the declaration of the POPE that he is engaged in a permanent popular conspiracy. It is possible, however, that the more pressing question of the American blockade may, in some degree, divert the attention of the assemblies from the affairs of Italy. On the whole, the session commences with favourable prospects, and if Count MORNAY'S recommendation is adopted, it will be rendered memorable by the abolition of those written political sermons which have long excited the wonder and pity of foreign critics. As the art of extemporaneous speaking is happily not universal in France, the abandonment of the ancient system of written discourses will tend largely to the relief of hearers and of readers.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

THE Annual Report of the National Rifle Association is, in every respect but one, a most encouraging document. By whatever test the results of the first two meetings are compared, a decided advance is shown in everything which depends on the Volunteers themselves. At the first competition there were but 300 candidates for the Queen's Prize; at the second there were 600. The competition for the open prizes increased still more decidedly; and the single fact that the total number of entries grew from 1300 in 1860 to 3700 in 1861 is a sufficient testimony to the complete success of the Association. So far as rifle practice is concerned, it is tolerably clear that there is no abatement of the enthusiasm which first brought the Volunteers together. Whether the improvement in the skill of our Volunteers has kept pace with the increase in their numbers cannot easily be judged

by a comparison of the reports, on account of the changes introduced into the conditions of the shooting. Enough, however, can be gathered from the statistics which the Association have so laboriously collected to show that there is a decided change in the right direction. Still, the shooting of the Volunteers has not yet nearly approached the standard which might be attained, and which no doubt would be attained if reasonable opportunities for practice were always available; and while, up to the present time, there is nothing but progress to record, there is ample room for further progress in future years. Some needless alarm has been expressed lest, in their devotion to rifle practice, the Volunteers should forget the equally important claims of drill and discipline. The warmest advocates of shooting have never, so far as we are aware, questioned the paramount importance of drill in making Volunteers effective troops; but there is a consideration which must come even before this. Old experience teaches that drill alone will not keep the ranks filled up in quiet times; and it is to the rifle that we must look to maintain the enthusiasm which might otherwise prove fleeting. First secure your Volunteers, and then by all means make them as perfect as assiduous drill alone can do. It is in this sense, and this only, that we put practice before drill in its influence on the Volunteer cause.

In the evidence which it affords of the steady growth of the rifle in public favour, the Report of the Association is satisfactory enough, though, in truth, no real doubt was ever entertained on that head. Nevertheless, the second year, so often fatal to annual gatherings, had its special anxieties for the Council of the Association. They had no fear of want of spirit among the Volunteers, or of any lack of competition for their numerous prizes; but it is frankly confessed that at one time this national enterprise was in real danger of falling through for want of the trifling funds which were needed to supplement the resources which its own operations brought in. Almost from the first, the machinery has been in great measure self-supporting; and fortunately the profits of the Wimbledon meeting proved capable of a development sufficient to fill up the void left by the decline in the subscription list. The balance sheet contains within it an epitome of the Volunteer movement, and is a curious confirmation of what other circumstances have already revealed—that the enthusiasm of the “supporters” of the Volunteer movement has by no means kept pace with the ardour of the rank and file. The original idea of the Association was to collect a fund by subscription, the income from which should suffice to provide annual prizes on the scale required for a national competition. This hope soon sank into an endeavour to raise subscriptions enough to cover the expenses of the first meeting, and to leave some little balance for prizes. Even this modest endeavour did not fully succeed. The contributions of 1860 reached only 4500*l.*—a sum which was not enough to provide for the expenses of the Society, irrespective of the prizes which the Council had announced. These were wholly derived from the munificence of a few donors, headed by Her Majesty the QUEEN, and from the entrance moneys paid by competitors. Altogether, it was by no means a brilliant financial commencement to find as the result of the first year's operations a balance of 185*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.* in the Treasurer's hands.

It was no wonder that the chief supporters of the Association looked forward with some alarm to the season of 1861. In one sense, the alarm was justified by the event. The small subscription list of 4500*l.* actually dwindled down to 1800*l.*, and the probable expenses could not be estimated much below 10,000*l.* Fortunately, the Council had faith in the soundness of their idea, and determined to go on without damaging the cause by timid retrenchment. The issue fully justified their boldness. The funds which could not be raised by subscription were supplied by what may, in the strictest sense, be called the commercial element of the undertaking. Besides the special annual prizes, which would alone, perhaps, have sufficed to sustain the meeting, there was an unfailing supply of means for this purpose. In fact, prizes, instead of costing money, brought in a surplus, and the more premiums the Association offered, the larger was the balance it found at its bankers. Excluding the QUEEN's prize and some others of that character, the competitors paid much more for the privilege of shooting than they carried away in the shape of prizes. We regard this as a very satisfactory result, as it shows that there never need be any hesitation in offering prizes, however large, provided that a proportional entrance-fee be charged. Another large addition to the Society's income

was drawn, like that we have already mentioned, from the rifle-men on the ground. The profits on the pool and sighting targets were more than 800*l.*, and the Council say that they look for a great increase in the present year of the harvest from this prolific field. The only remaining resource was the entrance money taken at the doors, which, though insignificant on ordinary days, rose to a very important sum on the occasion of the review with which the proceedings terminated. Add to these details the pleasant fact of a balance now in hand of more than 2000*l.*, and it is difficult to quarrel with the satisfaction which the Council express at their financial position. And yet it must be confessed that the actual Association is something very different from that which was originally projected. In place of a magnificent fund, subscribed for the encouragement of rifle-shooting, we have a very admirable piece of self-supporting machinery for raising from the Volunteers, or through their instrumentality, the means which are to furnish them with prizes, and to defray the incidental expenses of their annual gatherings. In some respects, this is better even than a large subscription list, because it makes a failure of supplies impossible so long as the desire to compete for the honours of a national match remains alive among the Volunteers. In other words, the life of the Association is assured as long as the country continues to require it, and it is wholly free from the uncertainties which attend upon institutions supported by voluntary subscriptions.

The tax, too, which thus falls upon the Volunteers is perhaps the least mischievous and burdensome of any of the demands upon them. It is levied either from those who can at least afford a journey to Wimbledon, or from competitors whose expenses are paid by their corps, and in neither case is there any great hardship. So far as the Volunteers are concerned, they are perhaps as well without large contributions to the Association; but, though pecuniary support from without is not absolutely necessary to the existence of the Association and the continuance of the Wimbledon meetings, it would be affectation to deny that the lack of it is matter for serious regret as an indication of the indifference with which the Volunteer cause is regarded by many of its professed advocates and friends. Happily, the Wimbledon Meeting is an institution which can stand by itself, and we congratulate the Council on having, by their last year's experience, made this important practical discovery; but the fact remains, that an appeal was made for funds to carry out a project absolutely essential to the permanence of the Volunteer force, and the response was an annual subscription list of less than 2000*l.* We cannot call to mind any other occasion on which an enterprise in which the whole nation affected to take the deepest interest has been suffered to languish in England for want of pecuniary support. Against a total failure we have a sure protection in the profitable character of such meetings as those held at Wimbledon; but the dignity of the movement somewhat suffers by the necessity of bidding for custom in competition with Cremorne or the Crystal Palace; and that such a course should be necessary is, to a country rich as this is, and enthusiastic as it professes to be, a serious disgrace. It is a mere piece of good fortune that, in default of public liberality, another mode has been found of getting over the difficulty, though it is one less worthy of the sympathy which has been so loudly expressed for our brave Volunteers.

But to return to the Council. If they have not been well supported, they have done their own work well. Nothing went amiss last year at Wimbledon, and a still more prosperous meeting may be expected in the year of the International Exhibition. With a carefulness which ought to win the confidence of all Volunteers, the Council have entertained all the suggestions which have been made with a view to improve the conditions of the contest. There is, perhaps, not much to be gained by departing from the track hitherto followed; but among the different plans which are discussed, the suggestion, thrown out by the Council themselves, for assimilating the methods of scoring at the different ranges, so as to neutralize the undue preponderance of the short-range shooting, is one which would give satisfaction to most competitors, and which we hope will be adopted. These are details, however, which may very well be left to those who have accomplished the difficult task of establishing permanently and securely an Association which, for some mysterious reason, has not met with the support from the general public which it was fairly entitled to expect.

THE REDUCTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

THAT most welcome part of M. FOULD's programme which suggests the reduction of the French army justifies, we must beg leave to observe, the line taken by this journal on that subject for some years past. We have constantly maintained that the armaments of France were being kept up, at enormous expense, on a scale which made them a standing menace to the peace and independence of Europe, and that it was the first duty of other nations, and especially of our own, to take effectual measures of precaution against this danger. But the statements and warnings of those who held this language by no means passed without contradiction. The EMPEROR himself, in his famous letter to M. PERSIGNY, condescended to notice the report that his military and naval establishments were being augmented to a degree perilous to his neighbours; and he "denied that report in every sense." His supporters in this country dutifully echoed his denial, and were only in doubt whether those who suspected so pacific a nation as France of military ambition were most influenced by ignorant panic or by an interested desire to augment our establishments for the benefit of their own needy relatives. Now, if we may use a homely phrase in speaking of Imperial affairs, the cat is let out of the bag. It is confessed at last that a deficit of forty millions has been incurred partly in augmenting the French army "to a point suitable to the dignity of France "in time of peace;" and the unobtrusive place which that item occupies in the EMPEROR's catalogue of unavoidable expenses will, to a world long accustomed to read Imperial manifestoes backwards, be a fair measure of its real importance. Not an enemy menaced France from any quarter. Not a look threatened her morbid susceptibility with the slightest insult. She had not the shadow of a ground for alarm or resentment of any kind. Yet she has gone on, year after year, augmenting her already preposterous establishments till the gulf of an enormous deficit yawns before her, and till M. FOULD, detested as he is by the whole crew of Imperialist favourites and Ministers, is called to the helm of the sinking vessel by their despair.

Such preparations on the part of France could have no object but that of aggression and domination. The great establishments of the other military Powers have all, more or less, a rational plea for their existence. The Austrian army is abundantly occupied in holding down the provinces of an Empire in a state of chronic insurrection. That of Prussia is merely a shield, and a very imperfect shield, held out to protect Germany against the drawn and menacing weapon of France. Even Russia, the next greatest offender to France in this respect, may allege the necessities of an enormous and heterogeneous Empire, a population untrained to reverence anything but force, and incessant frontier wars. The forces of our own country have not only never been extravagantly great, but they have never been anything like adequate to the defence of her colonies and dependencies. France has had absolutely no excuse for conduct tantamount to perpetual hostility towards other nations. She has been like a man swaggering about with a revolver and a bowie-knife, not among savages or robbers, but amidst the harmless population of a peaceful city. Herrinuous military expenditure has had no assignable object but that of making her the tyrant of the world. That she might indulge a vanity as shallow and ignoble as it is immoral, a proportion, the amount of which it is frightful to conjecture, of the earnings of labour throughout Europe has been lavished on the miserable exigencies of self-defence. The accumulation of wealth in Europe has been retarded; the progress of civilization, which depends on the accumulation of wealth, has been retarded with it; intellects which might have opened by their discoveries new paths of prosperity to mankind, have been occupied in inventing instruments of mutual destruction; and in the midst of peace the world has been filled with the alarms, suspicions, and passions of war. And the nation which has done this to gratify a propensity as barbarous as ever led a savage tribe to domineer over the neighbouring hordes flatters itself that it is at the head of European civilization.

There are some excellent persons, however, who imagine that the French army is itself a great civilizing power; and that the redemption of Europe is, in some inscrutable way, to be wrought out by its intervention. They have persuaded themselves, it seems, that the head of each Zouave and

Turco is pregnant with some inestimable principles of political and social progress, which it is the mission of those gentle philanthropists to propagate over an unbelieving world by their beneficent arms. A glance at the history of the French army since the Revolution might suffice to modify these views. It is true that the enthusiastic efforts of the Revolutionary levies saved the Revolution, and whatever elements of modern civilization the Revolution might enfold, from the attacks of the retrograde party embodied in the Coalition. There the good work of the modern French army began and ended; and from that time forth it has never been anything to mankind but a scourge as calamitous and as barbarous as the army of ATTILA or TIMOUR. Converted with singular rapidity and levity from the crusading host of a propagandist Republic into the apostate tool of a military tyrant, it swept Europe, under the first NAPOLEON, with its piratical and insolent raids, till the oppressed nations clung desperately to their ancient despotisms and their ancient superstitions as a refuge and a rallying-point against the apostles of fraternity and equality. It was not only the willing but the exulting minister of the most immoral, the most retrograde, and the most brutalizing domination that ever scourged and disgraced mankind. From NAPOLEON it passed with undiminished pliancy into the hands of another set of paymasters; and all doubts as to its readiness to serve BOURBON as well as BONAPARTIST despotism were set at rest by its iniquitous invasion of Spain under the Bourbon Duc d'ANGULEME. It went without murmur or hesitation, at the command of a Republican Government, to strangle the liberties of the Roman Republic; and if it has since been employed to drive Austria out of Lombardy, it has been equally employed to transfer Savoy from constitutional liberty to despotism, and it is now employed to keep fast fixed in the heart of Italy the wedge which prevents her from finally becoming a united nation. Not that its existence is compatible with all forms of Government in France, though it is ready to serve all alike in any attack, however profligate, on the liberties of the world. To constitutional monarchy, as representing the interests of the moneyed and pacific classes, it was, and always will be, a mortal enemy and a source of inevitable ruin. The neglect to make use of invincible legions, capable of reaping a rich harvest of glory and plunder from a world naturally destined to be the wash-pot of French ambition, was, in the eyes of all Frenchmen, a standing reproach to a Government which shrank from war. LOUIS PHILIPPE was overthrown, not by his want of fidelity to the cause of political liberty, but by his fidelity to the cause of peace.

The sinister increase of this army was a great peril hanging over civilization. That peril was to be conquered, as we always maintained, and as the event begins to prove, only by showing front to it, and by manfully bearing for a time—which we always hoped would be, and which it now appears will be, short—the burdens and exertions necessary to convince France that it was out of her power to be mistress of the world. To abstain from measures of vigour, as at once costly and offensive, and to throw ourselves on the good sense, the moderation, or even the compassion of our courteous and amiable neighbours, was a course proposed by some, but of which, in spite of the civility of Mr. COEDEN's landlady on the Boulevards, we were never sanguine advocates, and which was not approved by the nation. The less refined and enlightened policy actually adopted was by no means one of blind passion, but rested on the most reasonable calculations. There was a field in which the military power of France might be encountered most effectually, though without firing a shot—a field on which the formidable rush of the Zouave would be made against a vacuum, and on which the bullet of the rifled cannon would fall short. That field was the field of science, where the chances were all on our side. The object of France was attack, or the power of attack—ours was only defence; and the preparation for defence is far less costly than the preparation for attack. England had, moreover, as a free nation, a fund to draw upon in the loyal enthusiasm of its citizens which no despotism would venture to employ. In the competition which ensued, France lavished millions on her regular army and navy. England moderately increased her regular force, and called out the Volunteers. The result is a sound financial condition, with but a moderate increase of taxes, and a great strengthening through the Volunteer associations, on the side of England—forty millions deficit, accompanied by considerable peril to the Government, on the side of France. That deficit represents a victory

gained by the resolution and constancy of this nation as certainly as if it were a list of French soldiers killed in some tremendous field. It cannot be said to be decisive, but it is full of hope. It has been discovered that France, whatever she might bear in a state of revolutionary delirium, will not, in a more sober mood, bear taxation, even for her darling sin, beyond a certain point; and, to all appearance, that point has been reached. The prospect of reduced armaments, diminished taxation, and secure peace, has fairly begun to open upon our view as the just reward of having met the crisis with English spirit. It is a day to be marked with a white mark in the annals of the civilized world.

DEMOCRATIC PURITY EXEMPLIFIED.

NEVER was anything in the world more unluckily timed than that appeal to the grand Transatlantic precedent which, in the agitation of two or three years ago, constituted the capital argument of the advocate of sweeping democratic change. By a rare piece of ill-fortune, the United States were held up to the admiration of mankind as a working model of the best of all possible forms of Government, just at the moment when they were about to exhibit an extreme instance of every vice and weakness with which a political community can be afflicted. The Birmingham demagogue, in a series of elaborate and effective harangues, prepared his countrymen to bestow a particularly close attention on the moral and political results of democracy precisely at the time when it was on the point of signally falsifying all his theories, and destroying his authority and credit as a public teacher. Democracy, we were assured, is essentially pacific. It is only aristocracy and monarchy that love to play at soldiers, and keep up enormous armaments, and set quiet nations by the ears for the gratification of the insensate pride and sordid greed of the ruling few. While the dogma thus thundered in our ears from a score of platforms was still fresh in all minds, democracy was seen to plunge into one of the most aimless, hopeless, and ferocious wars known to history, and to raise armies large beyond all modern precedent in proportion to the population from which they are drawn. Democracy, we were also told, is essentially a cheap form of government. It secures the maximum of efficiency at the minimum of cost. Where the will of the "intelligent working-man" is the sole and supreme law of the State, industry is safe against having its earnings squandered by an unprincipled and incapable Executive. Economy is guaranteed by the vigilance which the enlightened self-interest of the sovereign multitude naturally exercises over the acts of responsible trustees of its own selection. A Government created by, and dependent upon, the universal suffrage of a labouring class every man of which can read cheap newspapers and write his name at the foot of a voting ticket, has no choice but to disburse conscientiously supplies which are voted with an almost niggardly frugality. Under such a Government, the tax-payer is sure of getting the fullest value for his money; and waste, jobbery, speculation, and corruption will be unknown. Democracy eschews national debts. Democracy has no "out-door relief" for privileged and titled idlers. It is only the wicked Old World oligarchies that job, and bribe, and squander, and run up debt, and saddle unborn generations with the liabilities incurred by their criminal prodigality. Such was the political philosophy inculcated by the Radical agitator immediately before the outbreak, in his own model Republic, of one of the very hottest fits of reckless extravagance that ever took possession of any Government or people from the beginning of time. Never was money borrowed with a more entire unconcern about the possible means of repayment, or lavished with a more wanton profusion—and never did a country get a poorer return for an outlay without stint or limit—than during the last twelve months of the history of the United States. It is no rhetorical exaggeration, but the merest matter of fact, that Mr. BRIGHT's "cheap Government" is at this moment the costliest piece of administrative machinery under the sun.

That particular article of the Birmingham creed which affirms the superior moral purity of a *régime* that knows nothing of privileged classes has just received a curious and instructive commentary. The American Government, like our own, has its contract system, and the American contract system, like our own, has been charged with abuses which have been made the subject of inquiry by a Select Committee.

That public contractors are often disposed to do the best they can for themselves with little reference to national interests—that responsible officials are not invariably prudent, vigilant, and conscientious—and that administrative arrangements which secure average honesty in time of peace may break down under the stress of war—are truths which we needed no Transatlantic examples to teach us. We are not aware, however, that the very worst malversations of which any modern British Executive was ever accused come up to the mark of Republican jobbery and speculation, if we are to judge by the disclosures elicited by the recent Committee of the House of Representatives. From a speech delivered by Mr. DAWES, an active member of that Committee, we gather a few illustrative specimens of a state of things which Mr. BRIGHT himself would probably despair of matching from the records of English oligarchical corruption. There was a certain contract, for instance, for cattle for the supply of the grand army of the Potomac. This contract was made—of course without the troublesome formality of a public competition—with a man who knew nothing whatever about cattle, but who possessed other qualifications which sufficiently recommended him to official notice. It was based on a scale of prices which "enabled him to sublet it in twenty-four hours after to a man in New York who did 'know the price of beef, so that he (the original contractor) 'put into his pockets 32,000 dollars, without stirring from 'his chair.'" Mr. DAWES adds, that the sub-contractor realized nearly as much as his lessor over and above the fair market price. In the article of shoes, we are told that there is a waste of 75 cents per pair—which, on a million pairs already supplied, and another million in course of manufacture, makes the very handsome sum of a million and a-half of dollars sacked by somebody. Another of Mr. DAWES' disclosures is still more extraordinary. Government officials, he says, have actually "gone about the streets with their pockets filled with contracts, of which 'they made presents to the clergymen of their parishes.'" This is certainly a new form of testimonial-giving to popular preachers, and must be pronounced a marked improvement on the slippers and other articles of domestic Berlin wool manufacture for which British curates are expected to be grateful. Next, we are told of a regiment of cavalry in which no fewer than 485 horses—perhaps supplied by a sub-lessee of one of these favoured clergymen—were found to be utterly worthless. "They were blind, spavined, ring-boned, 'afflicted with the heaves, with the glanders, and 'with every disease that horseflesh is heir to.'" By the time these unfortunate animals were condemned, they had cost the Government just 12,000*l*. It does not appear that this is at all an exceptional case, for we are informed that "hundreds and hundreds" of horses supplied to other regiments have turned out not worth their keep. "Any day, 'hundreds of them can be seen round this city chained to 'trees, where they are left to starve to death;'" and it has even been found necessary to ask Congress to legislate in order to protect the public health from the dangers to be apprehended from "these horse Golgothas." We can believe anything in this line when we are assured that an ex-Governor of a State bribed an ex-Judge with 1000*l*. to procure him one of these cavalry contracts, and that he netted more than ten times his outlay. No department of the public service seems untainted with these infamous frauds. Immense contracts for arms have been entered into with "persons who know 'no more of the difference between one class of arms and 'another than does a Methodist minister.'" At this moment, according to Mr. DAWES, "there is a contract for the supply 'of 1,090,000 muskets at twenty-eight dollars apiece, when 'the same quality are manufactured at Springfield for thirteen and a half dollars apiece"—a dead loss to the Treasury of only three millions sterling. This is the way the money goes under "cheap Government;" and all the while there is nothing to show for it but a prodigious army which has been "shortly expected" any time these four months past to march against the enemy and win a splendid victory. As we do not observe that any one of this speaker's statements has been contradicted or explained away, we are left to infer that they give a fair account of the moral and economic working of that system of Government which the Birmingham champion of democracy was not long ago holding up, with considerable apparent success, to the admiration of crowded and enthusiastic English audiences.

Of course no one expects that Mr. BRIGHT will be the wiser for any amount of experimental proof that universal

suffrage and vote by ballot afford no guarantee for frugal and honest administration, and that waste and jobbery on the very largest scale are compatible with the undiluted sovereignty of the masses. As he is of opinion that war is prudent and justifiable when waged for the honour and glory of Democracy, so he will probably refuse to see anything very shocking in a "gigantic system of out-door relief" for the benefit of the friends, relatives, and connexions of members of a republican Congress. Fortunately, it is not very important whether he accepts or rejects the warnings of an experience which carries its own lesson with it for all who are willing to learn. Mr. BRIGHT's countrymen are neither unobservant nor uninstructed spectators of events which indicate the natural consequences of government by noise and numbers; and they are capable of following the demonstration which is going on before their eyes, that a political system which necessarily places power in the hands of men of inferior capacity and a low moral tone is as little conducive to purity as to efficiency. It is well for us all that the lesson has come in time to be available for some better purpose than that of exciting vain regrets for an irretrievable national mistake.

THE ENGLISH OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

WE remember very well that one of the earliest discoveries we made the first time we visited France was that there were several English languages, but only one French language. We soon observed that there was no essential difference between the French of talk, the French of books, and the French of notices stuck on the walls—no such difference, at any rate, as distinguishes the forms of English belonging severally to those different applications of language. The solemnity of a French notice of any kind is something overpowering. We much regret that we never carried off a few of them whole. But we remember very well the election address of a candidate for a local Town Council, in which the confession of faith was ushered in by the words, "On m'a demandé quelle est l'idée de ma candidature." Nobody would think of asking an Englishman in such circumstances for any idea at all; but, where an Emperor makes war for an idea, it is only proper that the little battle of a municipal election should be carried on for an idea also. We wish we could call to mind the exact terms of an official notice with which the walls of a little Norman town were placarded, as one sometimes sees those of an English railway-station. It recorded the crime and punishment of a woman who had watered some milk, and who, among other pains and penalties, had to undergo the confiscation of the "sophisticated" fluid. An English poster, public or private, is something very different. So, again, is an English advertisement in a newspaper. The poster generally follows some recognised formula or other, according to its subject. The newspaper advertisement allows much more room for the display of individual genius. But both have some features in common—features in which they differ from the analogous thing in France, and in which they also differ from the somewhat kindred style of the English penny-a-liner. The penny-a-liner, the chronicler of orations and demonstrations, has his peculiar vocabulary; but, except in his very lowest forms, he generally sticks to the main principles of English syntax. What the plain Englishman needs to unravel the mysteries of his diction is not a grammar, but only a glossary. With posters and advertisements the case is different. They commonly dispense with grammar altogether—in this, we need hardly say, forming a marked contrast to the terse and neatly-turned paragraphs of a French notice of any kind. Perhaps posters, and those newspaper advertisements which are most akin to them, may be more accurately said to have a grammar of their own. They are of course commonly written by practised hands, and according to a preconceived type. Their grammar differs from ordinary grammar, but it does not differ at haphazard. But with the private advertisement, in which A. or B. puts forth his own particular wants to the world, the case is wholly different. There, no rule can be found, either scientific or conventional; every man does, in grammatical matters, that which is right in his own eyes. Schoolmasters and schoolmistresses especially seem to take a kind of pride in displaying their perfect freedom from the bondage of any such old-world restrictions. The practice has its advantages. The merits of the Educational Establishment for Young Gentlemen or Young Ladies are duly set forth—we see all about the parental care, the moral and religious superintendence, the salubrious situation, the countless accomplishments taught for an incredibly small sum. The heart almost melts towards the self-denying lady or gentleman who stands ready—almost, it would seem, out of pure philanthropy—to undertake so great labours for a reward which can be barely an indemnity. But, luckily or unluckily, the English language is necessarily a branch of the course of instruction, and the advertising teacher commonly contrives to show that, if he is himself to have any share in the business of teaching that language, it can only be in the character of the "horrid example." It is not an uncommon youthful exercise to be set to turn bad English into good; the instructor

therefore prudently gives a practical proof at starting of his power to supply his pupil with abundant materials for that purpose. Let us take a few examples at random. Here is, first of all, a gentleman who seemingly has many irons in the fire, and hopes to kill several birds with the same stone:—

WANTED, some YOUNG PUPILS, by an M.A. of Cambridge and experienced tutor, author of an *Elegy upon the Prince Consort*, just published (for six stamps), an excellent Christmas present, a Cambridge prize poem, and examining master at the — School.

What a powerful ellipsis is implied in those few parenthetic words, "for six stamps." Then, again, we desire to know whether the "excellent Christmas present" is the same as the "elegy upon the Prince Consort," or something different? Then is the M.A. himself an "examining master at the — School," or, as grammar would rather imply, only author of an "examining master?"

Now for the other sex:—

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—For two or three YOUNG LADIES, at 50*l.* per annum each, a happy country HOME, and motherly affection with a Widow Lady, who teaches every branch of a polite and useful English education, Parisian French, German, Italian, music, and drawing.

That this sentence has no verb, and is wholly unconstruable, is a comparatively light matter. The wonder is the "motherly affection" to be sold for 50*l.* per annum. As it is "motherly affection with a widow lady," it is by no means clear whether the widow lady does or does not engage to supply the motherly affection from her own personal stores. It is quite possible that, as dancing, use of the globes, and sometimes religion, are often dealt with as extras, supplied not by the Principal but by a special professor, so, while the widow lady is teaching drawing and Parisian French, some subordinate matron may be engaged to supply the motherly affection. Anyhow, it is evidently treated as a marketable article, forthcoming on demand for the use of any number or kind of young ladies whose parents or guardians are ready with the required 50*l.* per annum.

Our third instance is that of a clergyman who, as the saying is, clearly thinks no small beer of himself:—

UNMANAGEABLE BOYS, or Youths (up to 20 years), made perfectly tractable and gentlemanly in one year, by a clergyman, near town, of 30 years' experience, whose peculiarly persuasive, high moral and religious training at once elevates children of peculiar tempers and dispositions (because not understood) to the level of others. A most liberal education, including modern languages, successful preparation for every examination and vocation in life and every gentlemanly comfort, on moderate terms.

"Peculiarly persuasive, high moral and religious training." The training thus peculiarly high, moral, and religious, would almost seem to be that which the clergyman himself had undergone, and not that which he himself inflicts upon others. Then "because not understood" is another pregnant parenthesis, more so even than that about the "six stamps." The clergyman probably means to say that the children's dispositions are thought to be peculiar only by those who do not understand them; but so far as his words can be said to mean anything, what he does say is rather that he elevates the children because he does not understand them himself. Then mark the "successful preparation for every examination and vocation in life." The unmanageable boys, after one year of high moral and religious training, are not only warranted against plucks, but are safe to become Archbishops, Lord Chancellors, or Field-Marsals at pleasure, according to the line of life which they may pick out.

Thus far we have had the educational advertisement pure and simple. In other cases the work of instruction seems to be mixed up with more sublunary employments:—

INSTRUCTION IN THE HEBREW LANGUAGE, in the Prophecies, in Oil Painting, and in Perspective, at home or at pupils' residences. Some choice Paintings for Sale. Also Patterns of Easy Chairs of the newest invention for Drawing Room Suites.

The climax, or anti-climax, here is peculiarly fine. The leap from instruction in the Prophecies to instruction in Oil Painting is the only violent step. The transition from the educational to the mercantile character is beautifully managed. That he who teaches oil-painting and perspective should also sell easy chairs, when put thus bar-ly, might seem an unexpected union of crafts. But a teacher of oil-painting and perspective may not unnaturally have some choice paintings for sale. And again, when we once get to selling, it is not so great a descent to sell easy chairs, especially as their patterns are of the newest invention, and doubtless exhibit something of artistic design. If we could only get "the missing link" between the Prophecies and the Oil Painting, we should be let down from the Hebrew Language to the easy chairs by a series of transitions as easy as the easiest chair that even the skill of this ingenious gentleman can turn out.

Our next is longer and more varied, and, perhaps, more incomprehensible than any:—

BOARD AND LODGING.—To the Wealthy and Benevolent.—An Artist of long standing wishes to BORROW a few Hundred Pounds for a term, to enable him to complete some works for the forthcoming National Exhibition, 1862, and for other purposes, at a small interest. Any gentleman or lady having money at their command, and could assist the advertiser, would find this a true and legitimate application, and worthy of notice. Any person who would take an interest in him, could be paid back the amount with very comfortable Board and Lodging in the house of the advertiser, where they could see the works in progress; or other arrangement, perhaps, could be made. The advertiser is married, and has only one child left. Any parent or guardian having a youth with a taste for drawing, or for Scripture work, would be taught the profession in lieu for an amount lent, it being for Kee-

statistical purposes. The advertiser's reputation will bear the greatest investigation for integrity and respectability. First-class references can be given.

The grammar here is perhaps more wonderful than anywhere else; but we can hardly stop to marvel at the odd construction of such a sentence as "any lady or gentleman, having money at *their* command, and could assist the advertiser, would find." The main puzzles lie elsewhere. The lady or gentleman of whom the advertiser borrows the money "at a small interest" is presently said to "take an interest in him," while we should rather have thought he or she was taking interest from him. Then board and lodging are offered in payment, with the privilege—whether gratis or as part of the repayment does not appear—of seeing the works in progress. "Other arrangements" are only darkly hinted at. Then we hear of a possible youth with a "taste for drawing or for Scripture work." One might have thought that the youth was to be taught something; but, lo! it is not the youth himself, but his parent or guardian, who is to be taught "the profession." Why the parent or guardian should need teaching a profession because of the tastes of his son or ward is puzzling beyond measure. Again, as to what profession it is, whether drawing or Scripture work—and what kind of a profession Scripture work may be—we are left quite in the dark. Then "it" is "for ecclesiastical purposes;" but what the mysterious pronoun may refer to we cannot at all guess.

Altogether, we think that this last is the gem of our collection. We will now for once step out of the precincts of the educational department into the wider field of general business:—

PIANOFORTE—Cottage, 7 Octaves—the property of a Lady leaving England, in remarkably elegant Walnut Case on carved supports. The tone is superb, and eminently adapted for any one requiring a first-class instrument. Price, 22 guineas, cost double three months since.

We have heard of Arion riding on a dolphin, and of the wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl; we have heard of Helle on her ram and of Europa on her bull; but we never before heard of a lady designing to cross the English Channel in a remarkably elegant walnut case with carved supports. Indeed, we might go so far as to ask whether the carved supports are those of the walnut case or of the lady herself. In either case they would seem equally ill-adapted to struggle with the winds and the billows.

After all this, it is with a feeling of humiliation that we ask the meaning of

To be disposed of, a Genuine Fried Fish Business, at the West-end.

Does the genuineness apply to the business, to the fish as objects of ichthyology, or to the manner in which they are fried? We can guess what is meant by "Genuine Patent Medicines," "Genuine Bear's Grease," &c., but "Genuine Fried Fish," and still more a "Genuine Fried Fish Business," is something hopelessly beyond us. There was a time when we did not know what was meant by an "old fish for a mast," but, thanks to many kind friends, we know now very well. Perhaps a like confession of ignorance may lead to our enlightenment on the possibly kindred subject of the "Genuine Fried Fish Business at the West-end."

MINOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

IT is not very long since schools in imitation of, and in competition with, the great public schools were unknown. There stood beneath these greater schools a number of grammar schools, of which the higher had little but an inferiority of reputation to distinguish them from the big luminaries, and of which the lower were so low that the trustees quietly appropriated to their own or some other non-educational purpose the annual income. But there was nothing like the gigantic proprietary establishments of our day. At last, however, it was felt that there was room for some kind of school different from those that already existed. The first motive that impelled the authors of the change was the wish for cheapness. Parents wanted a public school, but they wanted something cheaper than Eton or Harrow, and cheaper even than Rugby. It was evident that, if the institution prospered, this end might be attained. It could scarcely be necessary to charge 200*l.* a year for feeding a child and teaching Greek grammar, and yet that is not thought a very exorbitant figure at the most celebrated schools. In the next place, parents wished their children to learn something at school. To many parents this is a matter of indifference; but to a much larger number it is very important. They have no means of providing for sons who have never been accustomed to exert themselves. In many cases also it was desired that the sons should not only work hard, but that they should work at something which would be of direct use to them in after life. The fancy for modern languages and for such pursuits as engineering and the construction of fortifications began to set in; and a parent wanted to get these things for his money, and not a power of writing Latin verses, which is really a very valuable power, but the value of which is not obvious to imperfectly educated parents with stupid sons. Lastly, many parents either wanted, or were persuaded to think they wanted, schools where their own special shade of theology would be triumphant. All these advantages were to be secured by the very easy process of getting a certain number of subscribers to a fund which, if the

scheme was successful, would be a very good investment. As a matter of fact, some of these schools have been highly successful. The number of pupils at Cheltenham College is second only to the number at Eton, and the scholars both of that institution and of Marlborough have earned very brilliant distinction at the Universities. Parents have also gained in this way a cheap education as well as a good one. The attempt to provide a first-class education for 50*l.*, which was about the mark first aimed at, has, indeed, proved a failure; but the expenses of Marlborough, which is now the great glory of this system of education, are still much below those of the cheapest of the great public schools. Whether parents have been equally satisfied in their aspirations for theological perfection is more difficult to say. They have not, perhaps, found it quite so easy as they hoped to show a school how it should be taught in matters of this kind. Still, it has not been found at all impracticable to insist on certain outward marks of religious parties being sedulously retained; and in quiet times people do not so much care that things should be right as that they should not be wrong.

There were, however, considerable dangers awaiting the development of this system, which were sure in the course of time to make themselves felt. The proprietors, in many cases, were the dictators and final arbiters in all matters relating to the institution they owned, and so large a body of rulers is apt to make good government impossible. At Cheltenham, a dispute has lately been raging, which has mainly grown out of this constitution of the school government. We do not intend to enter on the merits of this dispute, as nothing can be more unfair than to pronounce a judgment in such a matter without setting out the facts on which the judgment is based, and the facts are much too intricate and of too private a nature to bear recapitulation. We do not mean to say, therefore, that in this particular instance the proprietors have been wrong, but some difficulty of the kind that has occurred must inevitably have shown itself sooner or later. In the first stage of these institutions, the proprietors are sure to be persons interested in the fortunes of a particular place, or party, or class. They feel strongly, and look narrowly to see that their designs are not defeated by those whom they select to teach. At a place like Cheltenham, there are many persons with a moderate fortune and absolutely no occupation. The clergy who belong to the party that happens to be dominant exercise an influence which they are not only able, but are expected, to bring to bear on the school, and there is probably in Cheltenham as large an amount of busy fussiness, of malignant gossip, and of theological bitterness as is to be found in any town of its size in the kingdom. An institution which is at the mercy of such a community is subject to frequent storms, and it would be almost certain to be immediately shipwrecked if it were not that the very people who would like to agitate the school into failure are bound to keep quiet and let it succeed, unless they wish to lose their money. Forbearance not only promises to let them get some interest on their outlay, but offers the hope that the value of their shares may rise greatly above par, as has actually happened at Cheltenham. But then comes the second stage of the institution. The school succeeds. The first proprietors have completed the education of their children, and are glad to sell or let on lease their right of nomination. In some ways, this is a gain. It of course greatly diminishes the number of resident proprietors, and it increases the number of proprietors who have no particular theories or views to enforce. But, on the other hand, it brings with it this great disadvantage—that the proprietors judge of everything done at the school by the one test of pecuniary success. They are very little disposed to sanction changes, however necessary, or improvements, however indisputable, if there is the slightest danger that the number of the school will fall off, and that the value of their shares will be consequently lessened. They are incapable of standing by the head of the school if he is exposed to unjust obloquy, or has errors imputed to him of which he is guiltless, or has committed mistakes which ought to be overlooked. Their one test of right and wrong is the market quotation of their shares.

Schools of this sort labour also just at present under another difficulty. There is an evident and general scarcity of schoolmasters of the first water. A few years ago there was a fancy for the occupation fostered, if not originated, by the career of Dr. Arnold. He inspired a belief that there was a poetry, a glory, and a delight in teaching which had been too long unobserved or neglected. But as years have rolled away, this enthusiasm has faded. There are many conspicuous exceptions, but, as a rule, the foremost young men of the Universities do not fancy schoolmastering. They seem impelled by an increasing desire to rush to London somehow or other, and get on there as best they can. This fashion, too, will have its day, and will then die out. But at present it exists, and it shows itself principally in a fixed reluctance to take orders, and, to a minor degree, in an indisposition to take up the profession of a schoolmaster. The schoolmaster must be a clergyman if he is to rise very high, and a young man who does not wish to take orders is not often attracted to do what he otherwise dislikes by the love of hearing the same Virgil and Sophocles year after year, construed by an endless succession of boys, all making the same mistakes. Among those who do come with very high qualifications to the task, it is most

improbable that many should be willing to occupy the position of a subordinate to a body of proprietors, who are either intent on having particular views taught, or are nervously anxious about every fluctuation in their shares—or who, at the best, are mostly unoccupied, half-educated busybodies, under the direction of local Gamaliels. A man of spirit and of some independence of character will often submit to be badgered and bullied if he gets as his reward public honour and a considerable position. Now, the position of a head-master of a school governed by a body of proprietors may be a respectable and lucrative one, but is not of that exalted kind which, like a bishopric or a Ministerial portfolio, enables its possessor to bear abuse meekly. There does not appear to be any attraction to head-masters which schools of this kind can offer. They cannot generally afford to give more than a handsome competence. They do not offer the opportunity of making a fortune. As, therefore, the supply of the article they seek is itself short, they can scarcely hope to secure a prime specimen. They have, in fact, nothing to give that can compensate the annoyance they inflict, and therefore they may go on piping for a very long time without any one dancing to them who has got the secret of his art.

It might seem as if these difficulties would probably prove fatal to schools of the kind of which we are speaking. Not that such schools need necessarily die away; but it might be expected that they would give a lower sort of education to a lower sort of pupil. They would cease to be rivals or imitators of the great public schools, and sink into the position of the numerous local establishments which are known by the name of proprietary schools, but which are nothing more than big second-rate day-schools. There is, indeed, little doubt that this would really be the case were it not that these minor public schools are too successful and important not to be open in some measure to the general opinion of educated men, and were it not that the very ease with which they are instituted, and the contention for success thus generated, are likely to provide the remedy that is needed. A large school at a town in Gloucestershire may be, for example, distanced by a large school in Somersetshire, and the people in Gloucestershire will naturally set themselves to inquire why this is. They will soon learn the reason. Every one acquainted with the feelings of the class of men who ought to conduct large schools can tell them in a few words what is the matter. A school depends on its administration, and its administration depends on its head. But no really able man, unless his pretensions are lowered by the competition of an overstocked market, will consent to put himself at the mercy of a body of proprietors. At present, the market is obviously understocked. It is much easier to get up a new school than to find a proper schoolmaster. If one is obtained, there is immediately a great flourish of trumpets, and innumerable advertisements announce that the trustees of this fortunate institution have secured a real black swan. The choice is therefore forced on proprietors to cease meddling, or to have no school at all like a public school to meddle with. Many of the proprietors might like to give way to their passions, and let the school be ruined rather than themselves sink into insignificance. But fortunately they have a pecuniary interest the other way, and a pecuniary interest will generally outweigh the pleasure of making other people uncomfortable. The proprietors must resign their power to a smaller body. They must be content to be guided by the judgment of a few persons not wholly unfit to judge. This has been actually done at Marlborough, which is now under one of the best schoolmasters that ever taught in England. It is true, that no body of electors that can be framed can be relied on to make the best possible selection when they are choosing a head-master. Whoever may be the trustees, they will be open to the claims of favouritism and the suggestions of timidity. It often appears as if the best masters of public schools were chosen almost by accident. But the great gain of placing the school under the guardianship of a small body composed of persons in various positions of social eminence and residing in different localities is this—they will hardly ever interfere with a good man when they have got him. It is very hard to get such a body together. It is still harder to get them to act at all. It is hardest of all to get them to act hostilely to an individual. The consequence will be that a man of a higher kind will be willing to take the place. Out of two or three of the best candidates, the trustees may very likely take the wrong man; but none of those from whom the ultimate selection is made would have been candidates at all if they had had to face a body of proprietors as their future governors. The whole art of making a school successful, after the money has been once secured, is first to get a really good man, and then to leave him quite alone. Kindly interference, such as is sometimes vouchsafed when the institution is under the patronage of very great people, is almost as bad as unkind and suspicious interference. It either forces the master to give up his opinion or it puts him under the imputation of being dictated to, even when his opinion is honestly that of his patrons. The historical fame of the great public schools will sometimes carry them safely through the valley of a head-master's incompetence. But a minor public school must keep always on a moderately high hill, or nobody will take any notice of it. If, in spite of all endeavours and precautions, a mistaken choice is sometimes made, and the school sinks into

temporary obscurity, the true course of the friends of the school is to hear the trial patiently rather than interfere. Time will cure the evil of one accidental bad choice, but time will only aggravate the evil of a perpetual meddling.

THE SOCIAL LAZARUS.

EVERY traveller knows what it is to be followed home from a cathedral or hotel de ville by a swarm of beggars, each bent on exhibiting to the eye of sympathy his own individual blotch or sore. In spite of quickened pace and averted eyes, he can hardly avoid catching glimpses of some ghastly wound or ugly malformation. His sturdy tormentor, meanwhile, is quite unconscious of exciting disgust. Such is the blindness of self-love, that it never occurs to him that he is nothing but a horrible and revolting object. Were opportunity given, he would bare each ulcer, and descent at length on its history. He would enlarge by the hour on every unsightly development of disease in his person. He would be eloquent on each excrescence and mutilation. As it is, the nuisance is serious, and the involuntary listener has no escape from the sickening garrulity of his pursuer but in flight.

It is our misfortune, in society, to be exposed to an infliction of this kind. Who does not number among his acquaintance a single specimen of the man with a grievance, who can find it in his heart to empty on his devoted hearer the vials of mingled tediousness and spleen? On every side of us are persons smarting from mental sores and wounded sensibilities, who are only longing to find a confidant. We jostle against them, and are doomed to hear their tale of wrong. The law of sympathy is potent and magical; but it is impossible for the most exquisite sensibility to sympathize with one who parades his raw places before the vulgar eye and tries to make social capital out of them. If warned in time, we give the sufferer a wide berth, and pass, like the Levite and the priest, well on the other side. But we are often victimized unawares. There is nothing to tell us that the venom festers beneath the martial bearing and glittering uniform of our friend the colonel. We venture too near, and the veil is ripped off. For the first time in our life, we learn the existence of evils that are sapping the foundations of the British army. As for the Horse Guards, deponent could tell us a thing or two about that institution. But the crowning imbecility of the military authorities is proved by a certain recent appointment. Would we credit, that Jones of the 43rd, who got into that boggle in Armenia, and afterwards failed so utterly in the operations against the Riff pirates—Jones, the most fatuous and incompetent officer in her Majesty's service, has actually been named second in command of the expeditionary force against Pepple King of Bonny! Or it is a black coat, and not a red one, which temporarily hides from our view the sore from which we instinctively shrink. The office of the clergy is to alleviate the sufferings of others, not to obtrude their own upon the public eye. Fond illusion! The cloth is said to protect its wearer, but it does not protect his acquaintance from annoyance. Under its sober breadths there lies a rankling wound. That wound is the recent nomination to the lucrative living of Glebe-in-the-Fens. How long, we are asked, will the country endure this unblushing nepotism? What one qualification has the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Fitzwortimer for evangelizing the Fens? The sore is full in view—we can only shut our eyes and hurry away. Nor is the evil confined to the stronger sex alone. Among the fair, there is an analogous tormentress. It might be assumed that the innate delicacy of the female mind would recoil from exposing its wounds to view. The logic of facts contradicts this natural supposition. There are certainly some among the sex who reject altogether the notion of letting concealment feed on their damask cheeks. We happen to meet one of the maimed and suffering sisterhood at an evening party. Out it all comes—how cruelly she is used by society at large, how abominably by her friends and relatives in particular. Do we know that when she had for weeks fixed her ball for a particular night, a great lady, at the last moment, sent out cards, and carried off all the *élite* of her guests? Are we aware that she was cut the other day by Lady Brass, on whom she had lavished civilities the previous autumn? No one can have behaved to her husband with more base ingratitude than the Minister. We are quizzing her, of course, when we offer congratulations on her daughter's marriage. It is impossible with the tenderest handling to avoid touching on a raw.

But there is perhaps a more exact analogy in society to the importunate Lazarus of the cathedral porch. This is the man who is for ever exhibiting his sores in the shape of so many carefully copied and docketed letters. Many are the degrees of human acidity. It ranges from the innocent grumble to the actively cantankerous disposition. But it culminates in the habit of dragging an unguarded fellow-creature into a hostile correspondence. There are some restless spirits abroad whose mission it is to trouble the peace of society after this amiable fashion. They are looking out, with all the eyes of Argus, for every opportunity of indulging their maw for letter-writing. No squabble is too petty to be reduced into a protocol and made the starting-point of a prolonged correspondence. Then, when they have achieved their first object, a second comes in view—

namely, to obtain for their epistolary spoil a limited publicity. Who does not know the horror of being beset on the road to one's club by an inveterate button-holder of this genus? We shudder at the announcement that he has some letters in his pocket on which he would like to take our opinion. In vain we plead ignorance of circumstances and person. We are doomed to have to listen to No. 1, in which he opens the campaign probably with some impertinent inquiry; No. 2, in which that impertinence is rebuked; No. 3, in which he rejoins with unabated spirit; No. 4, in which he is well snubbed for his pains; No. 5, in which he becomes vehemently abusive; No. 6, in which all further correspondence is declined; and No. 7, in which he vindicates his right to the privilege which fools are said to share with women. We are enlightened on the meaning of each innuendo and the point of each sarcasm. We are asked to scrutinize the cuts which each retort has inflicted. Every raw is exposed to view, and, as in the case of the actual mendicant, without any wincing. On the contrary, our tormentor is just as keen to exhibit his documentary sores as the latter his physical ones. It never enters the head of either that, instead of attracting sympathy, he is only exciting disgust. The same unconscious self-complacency is traceable in the zeal with which the one exposes his mutilated or diseased body and the other his success in "writing himself down an ass."

This uncontrollable desire to rush into what is technically known as "a correspondence" is really an interesting psychological problem. We might commend it to the notice of theorists on moral insanity as trenching on their field of inquiry. If we analyse the mental conditions under which it is apt to arise, they will be found, we believe, to be principally two. First, it appears to spring from a methodical and orderly habit of mind. This may sound at first rather startling, but it is not so really. The same energy which Jack Sheppard displayed in housebreaking would, had it been directed to worthier objects, have made him a great general. In like manner, the method, accuracy, and regularity which an adept in the art of rushing into correspondence displays in arranging and docketing it, would make him, under other circumstances, a first-rate merchant or administrator. It is only another instance among the many of the abuse and misapplication of natural gifts. Nothing is more curious than the evident self-approval and self-complacency with which a man brings himself to regard his part in a paper controversy. He may at first have felt some misgivings; but as he copies out and numbers and labels letter after letter, a pleasant sensation, not only of being in the right originally, but of bettering his position every moment by that subsequent labour of love, comes across him and encourages his efforts. He seems, by the mere act of re-writing, to be accumulating fresh evidence of a damaging kind against his antagonist. Neatly transcribed, all his own statements appear more lucid, his points more effective, his sarcasms more telling; while his opponent's arguments become weaker than ever, and his retorts mere vulgar abuse. But even the misapplication of a talent for business and the delusions of inordinate self-love will not suffice to create a thorough specimen of the paper duellist. There is another quality which, in his case, is conspicuous for its absence. He has no sense whatever of the ridiculous. If he had one scintilla of it in his composition, he would give up his evil practices and settle into a decent member of society. The social value of a quick sense of the ludicrous cannot be over-estimated. It consists, not so much in the amusement it affords or the satire in which it issues, as in its negative and restraining force. Among its other good offices, it enables a man when smarting from the petty grievances incident to humanity, to gauge the depths of the floating sympathy there is in the world. He learns, by this simple process, how small is the portion his own case can attract, and wisely abstains from trying to exceed his share. But it is different with a matter-of-fact person, who feels no such restraint. He never perceives how ridiculous he is when he enshrines in his pigeon-holes all the unsavoury muck with which, in his intercourse with society, he has bespattered others or been himself bespattered. Still less is he conscious of the absurdity of an abortive attempt to enlist the sympathy of strangers and arouse them to indignation on the subject of his own paltry quarrels. He does not see, or does not understand, the meaning of the attempt at escape, the shrug of the shoulder, and the smile about the corners of the mouth which usually follow the perusal of his budget. And if ignorance is bliss, it is a pity to disturb him in the enjoyment of that fool's paradise in which he is, in fancy, surrounded by a swarm of antagonists on paper, and is demolishing each in turn with the fire and force of a Lucius Junius Brutus. There is another condition, not mental, but circumstantial, without which this peculiarity can hardly exist. A man does not devote his best energies to the conduct of paper warfare without having many idle hours on his hands. A correspondence is a thing from which any one whose time is fully occupied instinctively recoils. Busy lawyers and hard-working curates have no spare time for gratuitous letter-writing. No one shrinks from it more sensitively than a public man immersed in affairs of state. The late Duke of Wellington, who did a good deal of work in his day, would probably have sooner challenged an adversary to a combat with pistols than with letters.

Where, then, is the quill-driving nuisance to be found in its worst and rankest form? Every circle of society is liable to be

tainted by it, but it may be looked for most surely where meddlesome propensities are doomed to a sphere of enforced idleness or abundant leisure. When gallant soldiers have done fighting their country's battles with the sword they are apt to begin fighting their own with the pen. The spoils of the bureau are exhibited as proudly as the trophies of war. A retired naval officer sometimes proves as awkward a customer as any. Let him but get some queer notions into his head, or have a tiff with a brother magistrate at the board of guardians, and who shall predict the consequences? A correspondence ensues, warranted to run in strength and volume many months. It will overflow into reams of foolscap, and swell the profits of the nearest stationer. The choicest *morceaux* will probably grace the columns of the West Loamshire Express. The county shall hear of it if the courts don't. But, in justice to the laity, we must confess that, for every one among their ranks, there are nine clerical offenders in this kind. There are apparently not a few among the clergy who find they have not enough writing in preparing their sermons and keeping the accounts of the Dorcas club. They must have their tithe of paper as well as corn. And they are merciless in exacting it. Give one of these ecclesiastical vampires the slightest opening, and he will suck your ink till it is dry. Nothing is too infinitely small for him to lay hold of. If you keep studiously aloof, he will yet drag you from your reserve. He will inquire why you leave his church, or why you say the responses so loud, or will ask you to explain an expression you let fall the other day in the grocer's shop, which the druggist's apprentice has carried to his ear. Or he will feel it his duty to brand you as a heretic, and, addressing you in the grand style, pray God will bring you to a better mind. In short, the modes in which you may be entrapped into a correspondence are infinite. When this is done, his object is partially effected. There remains, of course, the crowning luxury of going out into the parish in quest of sympathy. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown shall both know how cruelly he has been calumniated, and how a Christian minister replies to an injurious attack. We have sometimes thought what a pleasant task must devolve on the literary executor upon the decease of a person of this kind. When his papers come to be examined and sorted, what fragrant stores of varied reading must be disclosed! What pleasant mementoes of his active life, and the interchange of amenities that passed between him and his fellows! It would be an act of tardy revenge, as well as of salutary warning, to write his life exclusively from these materials.

THE WINDHAM CASE.

WITH a certain maladroitness which in a veteran practitioner is remarkable, Mr. Coleridge tried to enlist the sympathies of the jury in the Windham case in behalf of his fair and frail client, on the remarkable ground that she stood at the head of her class. Of the fact there is no question, and the observation might have been expanded. Everybody concerned in the matter, from first to last, one and all, may justly lay claim to have arrived at this bad eminence. The whole thing exhausts the superlative degree. It is all-inclusive—a consistent and perfect whole. The investigation was of the very longest and most expensive. A trial spreading over thirty-four days, at a cost, as an eminent arithmetician has asserted, amounting to very nearly three guineas a minute, cannot be expected to be surpassed. But it is neither in the length nor in the costliness of the process that its unapproachable superiority consists. Everybody concerned, as well as Mrs. Windham, exhibits a typical and representative zenith. We see every class of human weakness, wickedness, folly, vice, and absurdity at its very highest pitch. The famous epitaph on Colonel Chartres signalizes his singular excellence in the undeviating pravity of his manners; and in the Windham case it is only difficult to select the very worst features, because, by a remarkable uniformity of turpitude, there is scarcely an incident and hardly a person that may not claim unsurpassed and unattainable pre-eminence. No doubt Mr. Coleridge was quite right in saying that Loretism culminated in Miss Rogers, *alias* Willoughby. Such a profligate and such a fool as her husband does not occur in story. So tender and disinterested and active a set of guardians it is not every orphan's lot to be blessed with. The legal profession may perhaps be rich in the like of Mr. Bowen May, but his contemporary congeners have not received that notice at the hands of a Vice-Chancellor which has been reserved for this practitioner, whose feats in arms and the hunting-field are equal to his attainments in making wills and settlements. Nobody knew that the honourable profession of medicine contained such convenient friends of the family as Dr. Whidborne. Mr. Roberts, both in his antecedents and presents, can hardly be matched; and whether we look to Mr. Windham's parents and guardians, his tutors and governors, his friends and associates, the houses and haunts which he frequented, the sports which he enjoyed, the relaxations which he permitted himself, the tradesmen who gave him credit, or the liabilities which he incurred—in each and every particular, we have the ultimate term, the vanishing point, the *ne plus ultra*. To call Aristides the just was felt to be a bore; and to point a moral with the story of Windham's folly or his wife's profligacy is almost an impertinence. We are not going to waste our own or our readers' time with dwelling on the filthy details of the

case, or prying into the nasty secrets of hetairism and the consulting room, which for more than a month have polluted our eyes and ears, though the opportunity is a tempting one for reminding the *Times* of the consequences of what a certain book calls idle words. Had not the exigencies of the dull season prompted lively writers to travesty the characters of Belgravian mothers, and to dilate on the consolations of Lorettes in *excelsis*, and of a *ménage* in the shady groves of the Evangelist, the poor fool Windham—so it came out in evidence—would not have been fired with the noble ambition of wedding one of the prettiest horsebreakers of the day, and we should all have been spared the flood of obscene reading which has been poured on the public.

The verdict will, in one sense, be satisfactory. The legal aspect of the case is of the simplest. What the jury was empanelled to inquire was, not whether the subject was or was not capable of managing his affairs, but whether he was civilly disqualified by reason of unsoundness of mind. The particular form of unsoundness of mind alleged was that of idiocy and imbecility. There does not, of course, exist any legal definition of such unsoundness of mind—nor, indeed, any medical and scientific definition; and it is on this point that the unhappy and scandalous conflict of medical testimony exists. It has been said, and with sad truth, that the whole inquiry and all such inquiries damage the value of the testimony of experts, and that in all scientific matters it is as possible to get strong evidence on one side as on the other. In questions of material science it is comparatively easy to get rid of this blot on our judicial system, and in some departments of legal inquiry means have been taken to obviate it. In Admiralty cases the judge is advised by pilots appointed by the Court; and in theological cases it has been in practice found convenient to associate technical experts, such as Divinity professors, not as hired counsel and advocates on either side, but as responsible assessors to the judge. We see no reason why professional engineers, surveyors, architects, and the like, should not be employed and paid by the Court, and why their evidence for the prisoner, or for plaintiff and defendant on either side, should not be excluded. It might be so in medicine were medicine a fixed and absolute science. But unfortunately, medicine is not a fixed science, and mental or psychological medicine, may be said to have no scientific existence whatever, and this because it runs up into high moral questions. We say it with all respect to the empiric qualifications of Dr. Conolly or Dr. Tuke, Dr. Mayo, Dr. Forbes Winslow, or Dr. Sutherland, but their evidence is in many cases absolutely without value. It is not so much the men who are in fault as their so-called science, which does not in fact exist. It is not that they are hired to make the worse appear the better reason; it is not that they are engaged, like advocates, to give a particular colouring to a case, to hide or to exaggerate facts; but being known to hold certain crude generalizations, which they call theories, on moral subjects, they are engaged to help a foregone conclusion, because, holding those theories, their evidence, given in perfect good faith, must be of a certain character. These theories in psychology are absolutely contradictory and self-destructive. Some experts hold such loose and general views of insanity, as to include all moral aberrations, and all criminal looseness of self-control, under the convenient and ensnaring term of mental unsoundness. Hence those portentous doctrines which have invented the terms kleptomania, dipsomania, and, for aught we know, are ready to recognise pornomania. When a man loses the habitual powers of self-control, he is mad, we are told. On the other hand, some practitioners seem disposed to restrict incapacity to conduct the concerns of common life to maniacal patients. When our law, such as it is, laid down that unsoundness of mind relieved from criminal and civil responsibility, the subject was perhaps not much worse understood, but certainly it was much less thought about, than at present. At any rate the consequences of the dicta of Lord Eldon and such authorities were not investigated or followed out.

In some respects, the Windham inquiry will have its value in clearing the public mind on these interesting points, though its direct and immediate consequences may be dangerous. The subject-matter of the particular inquiry was delicate enough. In cases of delusion or illusion, of positive mania or organic lesion, of malformation or absorption of the brain, there can be no doubt as to a person's incapacity to manage his affairs. When any one region of the faculties is plainly diseased, the whole system of moral responsibility is broken down. A man may be a profound mathematician or a deep theologian, but if he believes himself to be the man in the moon, though this be his solitary illusion, the case is plain. But the allegation in the Windham case was only that of idiocy—that is, of general weakness and sluggishness of the mental powers. No definition of this affection can be hazarded, because it ranges through an infinite variety of shades and degrees. It is impossible to assign the precise and exact limit at which, in weak minds, responsibility ceases. And yet, though perhaps unconsciously to the advocates concerned, the right method of inquiry was adopted in the Windham case: for idiocy, to be complete, must affect the whole range of faculties. It is a general, not a partial, paralysis of the mind. Mr. Chambers, therefore, was quite right in trying to prove, though he failed to prove, that every act of Windham's life was tainted with congenital idiocy. The length of the inquiry was not so unnecessary, when it is borne in mind that, from the nature of the case, the

value of the evidence would altogether depend upon its cumulative character. So, on the other hand, Mr. Karslake was quite right in his method of disproof of the allegation; for if he could show that in five instances out of ten, Windham acted with at least a tolerable amount of prudence, and exhibited an approximate average of sense, he could afford to make the opposite side a present of the other five instances. A few faults in the generalization of Mr. Chambers were sufficient for Windham's advocates; and we have no reason to be dissatisfied with the verdict. However much we must regret the waste of money, we hardly see how, given the subject-matter, it was, to some extent at least, to be avoided.

To the public mind, however, some immediate damage must result. The common talk is either that everybody is mad, or that nobody is mad. This is the vulgar conclusion. In either case, a universal scepticism is the result; and we are told that it is impossible to know who is mad, or whether madness exists. Disastrous practical consequences will follow from these ignorant platitudes. Everybody sees that Windham is, as a fact, incapable of managing his property with common prudence; and the tremendous consequence is more than whispered, that law ought in such cases to come forward and to seclude the like of Windham. It is gravely suggested to revive the *lettres de cachet*; and there are plenty of philanthropists who seriously propose that every confirmed drunkard, and by parity of reason every reckless spendthrift, should be deprived of his civil rights and handed over to a *maison de santé*, or even to a criminal reformatory. This sentiment happens to coincide with, or perhaps to be produced by, the unhealthy craving for a despotism which is spreading over Europe. No doubt this arises from the shivering imbecility of a moral despair, or the torpid attitude of moral faithlessness. Of course, if a paternal government could exist which should always be actuated by the most sublime motives, should possess an absolute immunity from error, and should always interfere at the right time, in the right case, and with the right remedy, everything would be right, and we might gladly submit to an infallible governor of this sublime sort. But this would not be human law or human society—it would be an ideal theocracy ruling over blind subjects. Not to interfere at all by way of prevention with moral agents, or always to interfere, is the great alternative. If you are to deprive a man of the conduct of his own affairs because he is, as in this instance, a profligate, a fool, and a spendthrift, and because he is certain to bring himself to ruin, of course you must prevent a man ruining himself and his family by drink, by gaming, by harlotry, by extravagance, by buying rare books, costly wines, or sumptuous pictures. There is no limit to the frightful consequences which follow from the argument that Windham ought to be coerced because he has ruined, is ruining, or will ruin, himself. We have no objection to face the alleged consequences which Mr. Chambers rhetorically dwelt upon in his timid peroration. By giving Windham a verdict, you consign him to certain beggary. And why not? Why should not the certain and tremendous consequences of unbridled lust and egregious folly follow? Why should not the prodigal who wastes his substance on harlots and riotous living be brought down to the husks and the swine-troughs in the end? Windham spurned from the door of the wretched creature who has helped him to ruin, is a better example to society than Windham fat, idle, and well cared for, under mild and domestic supervision at Turnham-green. It is a just example of the moral government of the world, to show that as men sow so shall they reap. Let the drunkard be the drunkard, and the sensualist be the sensualist, and let him go to his kindred dogs. We must pity and grieve for the broken-down and tattered victim of himself, and for his patrimony wasted, his noble name defiled, his family perhaps ruined; but this is better than to be called upon to believe in dipsomania or kleptomania, or to invoke the paternal government of the Lunacy Commissioners in the care of those who are, however palpably, unable to manage their own affairs, or to control their evil passions.

THE HARTLEY COLLIERY ACCIDENT.

THE accident at the Hartley Colliery has affected the public mind, not only by the number of its victims, but also through the prolonged suspense as to their fate. If two hundred men had been killed outright by an explosion, we should most of us, at the end of a fortnight, have got over the painful feeling which the news excited. It may be well, if there be any useful lesson to be learned from this calamity, that the development of it should have been so gradual and the final revelation so appalling as to leave throughout the country an indelible impression of grief, horror, and self-reproach. It is not desirable to prejudice the question whether legislative interference in the construction of coal-pits is necessary. We may be sure, however, that Parliament will entertain that question, and that this recent and terrible example of the danger of a single-shafted pit will give earnestness to its deliberation and promptitude to its action, if action should appear expedient. Of course it is not necessary to point out that the cause why coal-mines are worked with insufficient provision for the miners' safety lies in that competition in the coal-trade to which the country owes the cheapness of its supply of coal. We do not mean to say that masters are conscious of committing, or workmen of yielding to, any deliberate violation of precautions which experience recommends. These things are done from habit and from hardihood. The masters

follow the traditions of earlier operators, and the workmen do not think of danger with which they have been all their lives familiar. But it is precisely because of this habitual insensibility to risks which shock the stranger's mind, that the interposition of some external authority appears so desirable upon the question whether additional means of egress ought not to be provided before miners are allowed to labour amid the deep and dangerous excavations from which coal is won. If the cost of additional precautions should enhance the price of coal, that inconvenience must be cheerfully undergone; but it is by no means clear that this is an inevitable result. A larger outlay of capital at the commencement of the work would probably ensure a more complete and, in the end, a cheaper mode of working. A very slight study of the descriptions which have been published of the Hartley Colliery will suffice to convince the reader of the enormous inconvenience—to say nothing of the danger—of operating with a single shaft. But, even if it were determined to have only one main shaft, surely there might have been a narrow passage with a ladder in it from the middle to the upper, as there was from the lower to the middle seam. As we said before, the question ought not to be prejudged, but we shall be very much surprised if any defence can be offered for the system of working with a single shaft, except this, that it is a common practice in coal-mining. The protracted agony of suspense as to the fate of two hundred hardy workmen has fixed the national mind upon this question, and no more is wanted for its settlement.

It is probable that a remedy will be applied to a state of things of which the miserable result is now deplored throughout the country. In that case, the lives of the victims of this accident will not have been sacrificed quite in vain, inasmuch as, by their imprisonment and death, they will have purchased an improvement in the conditions under which their brethren will hereafter labour. There may, perhaps, be other evils in the coal trade which are likely to remain unmitigated, because the loss of life which they occasion does not happen in such a conspicuous way. The carrying of coals by sea is managed on nearly the same principle as the digging of coals out of the earth. Obvious precautions are neglected, partly because it is the custom to neglect them, and partly because to observe them would occasion an outlay of money without any immediate prospect of a return for it. There can be very little doubt that a Parliamentary inquiry into the marine department of the coal trade would discover a disposition to value profit higher than human life, prevailing quite as generally there as in the subterranean branch of business. There is, indeed, this difference, that if lives are sacrificed on land, the public hears something, and perhaps a great deal of it; but who will venture to say that any complete account is kept of the lives which are lost upon the sea? If a shipowner learns that his vessel and all hands in her have perished, his interest does not prompt him to court publicity to the misfortune. Troublesome questions might arise as to whether his ship was fit for sea, and certainly nobody would dream of proposing to compensate him by a public subscription for his loss. There is reason to believe that the coal trade employs a large number of old and decaying ships, which traverse the sea as long as they can hang together, and when they cannot, sink beneath it. After a gale this very winter, it was stated that the ship in which Captain Cook made his first voyage, and which is now a collier, had foundered. However, this was a mistake, for the tough old craft turned up at Blackwall not much the worse for the buffeting she had undergone; and it is very likely that she has made several profitable voyages since that storm, and if she is lucky she may still make many more. If she should survive for another hundred years, there is neither law nor custom to forbid her from carrying coals, nor to restrain seamen from making voyages in her. This is a state of things which does not come vividly before the public mind, and therefore shipowners and sailors in the coal trade are likely to be left to do as they please. But when we hear of two hundred husbands and fathers entombed alive, while wives and children watch between hope and fear for six weary days and nights, until hope wanes and fear grows into despair, and rescue which could not avert death is almost too late even to prevent corruption, it is impossible to postpone or evade the question whether the mineral wealth of England cannot be utilized for her own and the world's benefit without condemning man to work and woman to weep as parts of the same inexorable necessity.

This deplorable catastrophe occurred about ten o'clock in the morning of Thursday, the 16th ult. The cause of it was the breaking of the cast-iron beam of the pumping-engine, which snapped in two, like a rotten stick, at the centre or axis of the beam, and fell, end foremost, into the shaft, tearing down the timber-work, or brattice, of the sides of the shaft, and leaving the loose stones and gravel of the sides unsupported, and liable to be displaced by the water which began to pour down the sides. The only censure which occurs of the original arrangements of the pumping-engine is that this beam, being an enormous mass of the weight of forty tons, ought to have been of hammered iron, to which, of course, the answer is, that cast iron costs less money. At first, all the mining authorities seem to have agreed that the imprisoned men would soon be rescued, and that in the meantime they would be able to sustain life. The timber and other ruin which the broken beam had carried down, or which fell down after it, had

choked the shaft above the point where the middle or yard seam opened into it. On the evening of the second day of their imprisonment the captives were heard trying to work their way through the obstruction which had closed the exit from the yard seam. It was believed that they would be reached that night, and wives and mothers waited in the bitter cold, sustained as yet by hope which did not appear unreasonable. The report on the evening of the third day was, that the men were still imprisoned, but that hope still cheered the hearts of those who watched and toiled for their deliverance. Every effort was being exerted, and every preparation made that they should not die in the pit, nor that their bread should fail. The first serious impediment to the work occurred when the sides of the shaft gave way and required to be secured by bratticing, for fear that they who were striving to save life should lose their own. There was a "furnacedrift," as it is called, passing from the yard seam into the shaft at a point above the seam's proper mouth; and it was stated that the obstruction had been removed to within eighteen feet of the mouth of this furnacedrift, and there was hope that by Sunday morning communication would be opened with the captives through this drift at least sufficiently for refreshments to be supplied to them. An hour later it was stated that the obstruction in the shaft became more wedged and solid as the work proceeded. The prisoners had been heard working on Saturday morning, but the noise ceased during the day. On Sunday evening the report was far less favourable. Little progress had been made, and latterly the work was necessarily suspended until the sides of the shaft should be made secure. Still it was stated that the buried men were distinctly heard signalling to those above on Sunday morning. It is heart-sickening now to recall the statement that this intelligence had given great relief to the watchers on the bank. The prisoners were known to be far above the reach of water, and it was thought certain that the air in the yard seam was good. But it was feared that the weaker men and the boys would sink under the misery and privation of more than eighty hours' entombment. On Monday morning, the sides of the shaft had been made secure, and it was expected that the work of rescue would thenceforth go on rapidly. The sinkers were now within twelve feet of the furnace drift. There was oil for the lamps of the prisoners, and horse-provender and a horse might suffice to sustain life. The labour in the shaft was going on with admirable order and regularity. The wives and children had been persuaded to cease their sad vigils at the pit's mouth, and to go home. Anxiety became more intense every hour. Still it was hoped that a communication would be opened during Monday afternoon. But in the evening it was seen that at the best another gloomy night must be spent in prison. That night passed away, and Tuesday morning dawned, and then hope began to give way to despair. The obstruction still remained, and the progress made in its removal only served to bring into the field a more terrible enemy, alike to captives and rescuers, than any that had before appeared. The stoppage of ventilation by the closer packing of the timber, stone, and gravel, had allowed noxious gas, or, as miners call it, "stythe," to accumulate in the lower part of the pit, and now this gas began to reach the workers in the shaft and to check their efforts. The miserable families and friends of the buried men were told that there was no fear for them if there was no stythe; "but," said the speaker, "to tell you the truth, I am afraid that there is stythe." In this short sentence is comprised all the residue of the melancholy history. The noxious gas compelled a suspension of the work for fear of adding death to death; and when it was resumed, and the yard seam was at last reached on Wednesday afternoon, the tenants had been dead three days, having, as appears, been suffocated by the stythe on Sunday. The only consolation is that their death was easy, and that all that skill and courage could do under the circumstances was done to rescue them.

We have ventured briefly to recall the leading incidents of this awful tragedy, not certainly under the belief that any reader can have forgotten them, but because we have here a case, not only of heavy loss of life, but of loss under circumstances of horror and amid alternations of comfort and despair which are calculated deeply and durably to impress the public mind. It is the duty of us all to make the most of this tremendous lesson, and to adopt and inculcate an estimate of the value of the lives of humble ministers to wealth and luxury somewhat higher than has hitherto prevailed. We have also the further duty of imitating the good example of our Queen, who, in the day of her own deep grief, has visited with help and sympathy the fatherless and the widows who are plunged in sorrow like unto her own. Let us all contribute as we are able to raise that fund of 20,000*l.*, which is to compensate very feebly and imperfectly for the consequences of a disaster which might have been avoided by an original outlay of 200*l.*

THE RAPE OF THE GLANCES.

AMONG the differences of system that exist between Continental and English Governments, none is more conspicuous than that which concerns the treatment of the difficulties which arise out of the amatory propensities of their subjects. Abroad, the people whom the newspapers call "unfortunate," and who call themselves "gay," are kept as strictly under the surveillance of the Government as if they were a corps of female

functionaries in its employ. They are allowed to drive their trade without molestation, but they are forced to observe certain regulations which prevent their presence in the streets from being an annoyance either to male or female passers-by. In England we adopt an opposite course. The fear prevailing in the religious world of some vague and undefined evil which is to arise from the recognition of their existence protects them from the interference of the law. So far as the police are concerned, they are let alone. But we try to replace the action of the police by rating them soundly in the newspapers. We avoid the dangers of a paternal Government, and adopt a conjugal system of Government in its stead. The social grievances which furnish the newspapers with matter during the interval of political lulls generally turn upon something connected with the doings or misdoings of this class. No set of people have enjoyed so large a share of public attention as the women whom we hesitate to bring under the regulations of the police for fear of recognising their existence. They have been made the subject of angry complaint, philanthropic tenderness, and cynical comment, until they have a right to look upon themselves as one of the most interesting classes in English society. The fast man makes love to them; the slow man discusses them; the fashionable young lady copies their dress; the Evangelical clergyman gives them tea, toast, and touching talk at midnight; and the devout young woman gives herself up to the task of tending them in some lovely and sequestered retreat, while they are resting between the acts of their exhausting lives. But still we flatter ourselves that our national morality is benefited by the fact that we recognise them only in the newspapers, and are absolutely silent about them in the statute-book. Meanwhile, under cover of our decorous ignorance, they have seized upon the West-End like an army of occupation. We might almost as well refuse to recognise a flight of locusts, or the fleas in an Italian bed, or the touters on the pier at Boulogne. The principal streets are in their hands. The pavement in the Haymarket they rule with a sway that no prudent passenger will care to challenge after the sun has fallen. Portland-place is occupied by a French detachment of voluble habits and by no means backward manners; and in Regent-street they have come to a compromise with respectability, mixing freely on both sides, but claiming only one side as exclusively their own. This occupation is enforced with all the rigour of which a merely wordy war is capable. Stragglers, whether male or female, not being comrades or customers, must expect no quarter. Men are generally safe till after dark; but female intruders not enjoying the freedom of the *parc* are liable to insult, or at least unflattering observation, at any hour of the day.

It is to this last rule that the newest and perhaps the most comical of all the social grievances is due. An animated correspondence has been going on, which has not been equalled since the days of the formation of the "Anti-Young-Men-waiting-at-Church-Doors-after-Service-with-Ultior-Purposes-Association." A "Paterfamilias from the Country" makes his appearance in London, and sends out his two daughters, young, lovely, and guileless, on a shopping walk. Unacquainted with the moral geography of the West-End, they innocently trip down the tabooed side of Regent-street. The natural consequence follows. A young gentleman of an amorous disposition, seeing them there, upon the equivocal ground, solitary, sauntering, and attractive, comes to the conclusion that they had rather be looked at than not, and begins to ogle them accordingly. It has been asserted by one correspondent that their dress, in cut and volume, was not of a character to disabuse the young Lothario of his mistake; but this only rests upon hypothesis. It has been suggested by another correspondent, with still more plausibility, that the ogle complained of was not so wholly unwelcome as "Paterfamilias" in his innocence imagines—that probably the veil was only drawn down leisurely—that more than one curious and furtive glance was sent after the bold adventurer—and that the complaint to Papa was only an ingenious and maidenly device for excusing an unconscionably long walk. However that may be, Paterfamilias boiled up with all the indignation of the virtuous father in a melo-drama. His fair daughters' wrongs had not extended beyond this audacious theft of a glance at their faces, for the "profligate" in question had neither spoken to them nor laid hands on them. It is, however, to be presumed that his native soil is a country where nobody looks at anybody; and he was therefore as astonished as any Turk could be at the ocular freedom of the London streets. It is difficult, however, to see how the public opinion to which he has appealed is to help him. A series of leading articles in a slashing style against amorous glances in general would not go far to tame the ardent eyes of the young gentlemen at whom they are aimed; and an Act of Parliament that young men in London should only be allowed by the police to look at old women would be liable to evasion. No doubt the waste of these tender attentions upon those who don't want them is very perverse on both sides. The last scene in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* is perpetually being enacted on a small scale by the male and female lovers of peculiar taste who go courting on the foot-ways. There is a perpetual complaint coming up from the respectabilities of both sexes of the unsolicited advances which lie in ambush for them between Pall-Mall and the Regent's-park. Country virgins passing in maiden meditation fancy free, and middle-aged lawyers stumping up from Court, equally suffer from

proffers of affection which they have not the least desire to reciprocate. It is a pity that the unrequited wooers on both sides cannot pair off. Such a divorce between supply and demand is a scandal to economical science. The sorrows of "Paterfamilias," however, would meet with a ready remedy if he would furnish the Lotharios, whom he impotently threatens with a "skin full of sore bones," with an Ithuriel's wand which would help them to distinguish vice from virtue. Those enterprising young ogles are not the men to gratify their tenderness of heart at the cost either of an action for breach of promise of marriage, or a suit before any other of the numerous jurisdictions that take the seventh commandment under their protection. But the difficulty is to make out the true character of a vessel from the colours under which she sails. If a neutral will hoist a belligerent flag, she must expect to be stopped by cruisers. To give the devil his due, the disguise is sought in this case by virtue, not by vice. The sheep desire nothing better than to put on the clothing of the wolves, study its pattern with anxious care, and boast very loudly when they think they have achieved an accurate copy. Under such circumstances, young hunters are very apt to make mistakes. They scare a modest little lamb out of its senses when they only intended to bring down a beast of prey. Abroad things are better managed. The police prohibit the ladies for whom "Paterfamilias" daughters were mistaken from walking two and two. An easy caveat of respectability can thus be entered by any women who may find occasion for it. But this is under one of the wicked Governments that is abandoned enough to admit in its regulations the fact that vice exists.

It may be doubted whether the number of young ladies can be very large who would be scandalized by being looked at as they walk. It is not uncharitable to assume that, when people dress so very carefully to look well, they are dressing to be looked at. But if such there be, the remedy is in their own hands. If they choose to parade upon equivocal ground without the protection of a male companion, they must take care to be unequivocally attired. If they will be seen in well-preserved coverts, it is for them to be careful that they do not look like game. The precautions are not hard to practise. Let them dress thoroughly unbecomingly. Let them procure poke bonnets, stint their skirts to a moderate circumference, and cultivate sad-coloured underclothing. Any woman thus armed, and walking on without sauntering or looking about her, is perfectly safe even from amorous glances. We doubt whether even that terror will reconcile the mass of young ladies to the precautions we recommend. But we strongly advise "Paterfamilias from the Country," the next time he brings his demure innocents to town, to try it before he again makes himself ridiculous in the *Times*.

ARCHDEACON GREGG AND THE SEE OF CORK.

WE had occasion some time ago—that occasion being the last vacancy on our Episcopal Bench—to discuss the ideal *Pastor Pastorum* in the English Church, and to point out what was the type aimed at and fulfilled in the Palmerston Bishop. As far as this country is concerned, society may congratulate itself on the extinction of a variety which was happily shortlived. Bishop Thomson, judging from his academic reputation as well as his London experiences, and still more from the good taste which declined to be dragged through the mud of Exeter Hall and the associations of Mr. Spurgeon, is a decided improvement. And the value of the appointment is this. Lord Palmerston, to do him simple justice, we never suspected of the slightest personal affinity to the views of poor Bishop Villiers or of Bishop Waldo-grave. All that he ever looks to in such matters is the gratification of the public taste. The appointment of a new Bishop is not at all a proof that the theological barometer or thermometer in Downing-street has gone up or down. Let neither Supralapsarians nor Sublapsarians boast of a distinguished convert from the camp of the Pelagians who "vainly talk" to the purer doctrine of the Schoolmen on "grace of congruity" and "the *phronema sarkos*." The Thirty-nine Articles are what the Thirty-nine Articles ever were to Lord Palmerston's mind.

A primrose on the river brim
A yellow primrose is to him.

Gallio is the Gallio he was. Lord Chatham, at seventy, learned Spanish for the sake of enjoying *Don Quixote*; but at present the charms of the Quinquarticular controversy have not, we fear, led our excellent Premier to study Augustine or Jansenius. To be sure, naval captains take to reading *Essays and Reviews*; but this is, perhaps, a proof that controversy is about to be consigned to the Great Deep. Or may we not congratulate ourselves that theological, like other, fashions are travelling westward? Ireland, though it has made so many advances in the last twenty years, is still a few years behind us in religion as well as in politics. England could not endure either the Romanism of St. Jarlath's or the fervid Protestantism of Derry. It was only across St. George's Channel that the brief frenzy of Revivalism flashed up into a fitful blaze. And Ireland is content, in theological as in other matters, to take up our discarded fashions, and, perhaps because it involves a bull, to blow air into our burst bladders. The Palmerston bishop is still to be found in Ireland—the same, but with a difference. He is a Carlisle bishop. As the Viceroy is to the Sovereign, and as Ireland is to England, so is

the Carlisle bishop to the Palmerston bishop. We have just got a perfect specimen of the Irish Bishop in the Rev. John Gregg, D.D., Archdeacon of Kildare, and by Divine and Lord Carlisle's permission, "Lord Bishop Elect of Cork."

The Carlisle Bishop is, and is not, the Palmerston Bishop. In so far as he is an Evangelical, he is the same with his prototype. In so far as he is devoid of classics and literature, he is the same. In so far as he follows the Apostolic precept which advances the foolishness of preaching above the wisdom of man, he is the same. But an Irish Bishop even of this sort must have kissed the Blarney-stone. He must put a bold front on his incapacity; and where the Palmerston Bishop would at least assume the virtue of a scholar and a gentleman, and would be at least reticent as to his familiarity with the Greek Testament, his Irish congener does not condescend to hide his nakedness of Greek, letters, and good breeding, but rather glories in his shame. In the one case there is some hope of amendment—in the other there is none. In a few years, the most heterodox or vulgar of English Bishops is sure to rise to a very decorous level of inefficiency and stupidity. Bishop Hampden is remarkable as the most orthodox and silent of the hierarchy, and Bishop Villiers collapsed in a job which would not have discredited the palmy days of Arch-bishop Moore or Bishop Pretymann. But if Bishop Gregg is to live in history, it will be by continuing the Gregg he is. What that ideal is, let his speech for the Dublin Orphan Refuge testify. This Archdeacon, Dr. John Gregg, Bishop Elect of Cork—by the way, how can there be a "Bishop Elect" in Ireland, where there is no *congé d'élire*, and where the Bishops are appointed by Letters Patent?—is not to be confounded with one Dr. Tresham Danes Gregg, commonly known as "Thresher" Gregg. Archdeacon Gregg is a popular preacher, and Chaplain of Bethesda—an irregular and extra-parochial institution in Dublin. Dr. Tresham Gregg was minister of St. Nicholas, in Dublin. Both were engaged in controversial duels with the Roman Catholics. Both have been popular preachers in Dublin. Both are D.D., and both, it need not be said, are *Hibernis Hiberniores*. Lord Carlisle's justification for sending his comic protégé to the See of Cork will be found in his Dublin popularity.

Whether that popularity was a thing to be encouraged, or whether the acts by which it has been attained deserve the highest office in the Church—an office which requires gravity of life, sobriety of manners, a tongue not given to idle and vain words, dignity and carefulness in demeanour—we may well ask. Ever since Archdeacon Gregg's nomination to the See of Cork, he has been exhibiting himself; and at the Orphan Refuge meeting he indulged his friends with an autobiography. It seems that there has been a little alloy in the satisfaction with which both the Bishop and his admirers viewed his appointment to Cork. Dr. Gregg says, "that the draught of adulation was so sweet that it was almost nauseous, and he positively welcomed a drop of acid." It seems that somebody had said that Dr. Gregg was a firebrand and "a disturber of the peace." This, says the reverend gentleman, is far from true. "It has been said that I will be a wolf, or a hyæna, or a tiger, or something of that kind; that I would carry these bitter tendencies and wild destructive qualities to the warm and sunny South." No such thing. But this reminds the facetious Archdeacon of a story—the story being the familiar old Joe Miller, of the "London Alderman" who went out hunting, and when he heard that "the creature he was pursuing was coming," drew his sword on "a poor little timid hare." "Now I beg to assure my Southern friends that it is a quiet, timid hare who will go among them; so they need not be at all afraid. . . . Gentlemen of the press, will you tell those parties that they are wrong in giving me credit for speaking Irish. I never used a bit of Irish at college—not a bit of Irish at Portarlinton, except to a man I met selling oysters. I use no Irish here, so I am afraid when I go down to Cork I will be a barbarian there." The Doctor then goes into family and personal matters. "I am the child myself of a mixed marriage; and mixed marriages may have a good result. I knew a little woman, a Protestant, who married a Roman Catholic, and one by one she got the children to church, till the whole box and dice of them became Protestants." As for himself, he says, "I trace a good deal of the vigour of body and mind and health that God has been pleased to grant me, and the very great degree of prosperity, both social, personal, and public with which I have been blessed, to the deep interest I feel in the Protestant Orphan cause." Has it been said that Dr. Gregg was a fierce controversialist? He replies, "Point to a single bitter word I ever said, if they find any hard words in the hunt I shall be very much surprised." What are Dr. Gregg's reasons for accepting the See of Cork? They are weighty; for "he is so agitated on going down to Cork, that he has not got two nights' repose." It is said that he is going there to repose, and "that he is so worn down that he is to be like a dried mummy." This suggestion "would make a tomtit, much less a man, angry—much less a Christian man, angry—much less a Christian minister, angry." Why, then, is he going to Cork? Because he "loves the Irish brogue more than the English accent"—because "the love of his country will always make him active—because he would be a very curious kind of a bishop if he were to drop into repose—because he would be a comical kind of gentleman if he adopted these suggestions" of repose. At last, after all this gabble of vulgarity and bad taste about himself, "the Bishop Elect" turns, very late in the day, to the business of the meeting, and

takes the cause of the "Protestant Orphan Refuge," in behalf of which the meeting was held, in hand. "We are told," says the orator, "that Franklin, when he was going to hear Whitfield upon the Orphan Society, was determined to give nothing; but when he heard about the poor little children, their hungry bellies, their naked necks, their bare legs, their little bodies almost famished, and their little legs without any calves, he said he would give the fellow what coppers he had." And then the accurate and intelligent speaker goes on to spoil a very familiar story by making Franklin give his coppers to Whitfield, "his silver to the next speaker at the meeting, and his gold to the third"—when, as everybody knows, the successive acts of generosity were extracted by Whitfield, and by Whitfield alone; and this not at a meeting, but at a sermon. But though Bishop of Cork, John Gregg is not going to forget the Protestant Orphan in Dublin:—

When I come up from Cork, I will not look at your pictures or your rich furniture. I do not care a button about them. When introduced to your houses I will look for the Protestant Orphan card, and if I do not see it black with pounds, shillings, and pence, I will call for my hat, and say that I must certainly go away, as it is a very bad place to be in (laughter)! In the diocese of Cork we have as deep-thinking hospitable men as there are in the English Church: they are men of the right stamp. And will I think of leaving that diocese, and the beautiful scenery of Glengarriff, and the beautiful bays and the enchanting scenery of the South, to come up to Dublin, if the people of Dublin do not support the Protestant Orphan cause, or leave the Protestant Orphan Society, and the Protestant Orphan Refuge, and the poor Protestant orphans in wretchedness and misery and idleness, instead of having them well clothed, well fed, and well educated? But, when I hear of you supporting the Protestant Orphan Society, I shall come up to see how well you are doing, and go back to Cork and tell them that the people of Dublin are a kind-hearted and generous people (hear, hear, and applause). I will come up to you and give you a "prod," and then I will go back to Cork and give them a "prod" (loud laughter).

The "Bishop Elect" has, we can assure him, quite earned the description which he deprecates. "A curious kind of a Bishop he is," and "a comical kind of gentleman."

Of course, we do not suspect Lord Carlisle of any other *mauvaise plaisanterie* in the preferment of Archdeacon Gregg than a total inability to understand what a Bishop ought to be. Still less do we impute the appointment of Dr. Gregg to the See of Cork to a deliberate design of lowering and damaging the Irish Church. In a more astute person than the Irish Viceroy we should perhaps have suspected a wish to administer the final blow to the Irish Church Establishment. That Church exists only on a sort of sufferance. It is an anomaly hard to reconcile at least to a Stanley's common sense. A buffoon Bishop may perhaps suit that genius of the people which the Irish Church of the present day seeks to propitiate or to emulate. If so, its days are indeed numbered. The exchange at Cork of Bishop Fitzgerald for Bishop Gregg, if it pleases the "Coreagians," shows that Irish Protestantism and Bishops are irreconcilable and incompatible. In Ireland (and in England too) the sooner and the more completely the notion is dispelled that the office of a bishop is to address the lowest classes in the lowest language and the lowest sentiments—that the mission of the Church is, by preference, to cabmen and costermongers—and that the Church's rulers can afford to say that they rather glory, as Dr. Gregg does, in being deficient "in talents that he does not possess, in learning that he has not been able to acquire, and in accomplishments that he never had time to cultivate"—the longer will be the lease of sufferance which will be granted to "established" churches. In England, as we commenced by saying, this sort of bishop has been tried and found wanting. It is hardly a compliment to the intelligence and good feeling and good taste of Ireland to renew the experiment across St. George's Channel which has failed so signally among ourselves.

TAKING THINGS COOLLY.

SOME men are never in a hurry. Nothing seems to flurry them—nothing disturbs their equanimity or ruffles their composure. Though danger threatens and moments are precious, they proceed on their course with a degree of tranquil deliberation that almost reaches the sublime. Whether they are sallying forth to catch the express train and have not a minute to spare, or are waiting for change for a sovereign at the Folkestone Hotel, and hear the melodious bell of the Boulogne steamer just beginning to ring—whether they have been privately warned to draw out their money from a joint-stock bank that intends to stop payment in three-quarters of an hour, or have accidentally swallowed an overdose of opium, and are implored by sympathizing friends to run full speed to the nearest surgeon before coma supervenes—it matters not, they are in no way hurried. They take the thing coolly, and, somehow or other, are always in time. The fact that they are always in time vindicates them from the charge of apathy, stupidity, or recklessness, and clothes them with a dignity which ordinary mortals look up to and admire, but cannot hope to emulate. Other men catch express trains and keep special appointments, and, when stimulated by self-interest, seize time emphatically by the forelock. But then, what an amazing hurry they are in! What a bustle they make, and what a nuisance they are to long-suffering friends and neighbours!

The attitude and bearing of an average Paterfamilias starting with his family on a journey of pleasure or business illustrate this very distinctly. Watch in hand, he paces up and down the

ball—now giving superfluous instructions to a bewildered foot-boy, who is striving with perseverance worthy of a better cause to cord a box with a rope a foot too short for the purpose—now, in a voice of querulous despair, shouting exhortations to “make haste” to the family in general—now kicking a favourite dog or cat into infinite space. Now, with a look of savage impatience, he settles the account of some unfortunate tradesman who had been promised payment a month ago, but, having been entirely forgotten, ventured to refresh the memory of Paterfamilias ere it was too late—now he tumbles bodily over the box and footboy with the velocity of an unsuccessful acrobat, and an expression of countenance alarming to witness—and finally he seats himself amidst a wilderness of trunks and portmanteaus, like Marius musing over the ruins of Carthage. Such, very often, is the behaviour of an average Paterfamilias going a journey. He is in a prodigious bustle—he is in everybody’s way—he worries his estimable wife—he drives his daughters into a state of temporary frenzy—he arrives after all at the station, with three cabful of family and luggage, half-an-hour too soon, but finds it rather lucky, inasmuch as in the hurry of departure he has left his purse on the dining-room table, and all his keys in his dressing-room drawer, and just has time to rush home again and fetch them.

The case of a man always in a hurry, but generally too late—always taking extra trouble, but usually coming to grief—always in a whirlwind of bustle, but commonly collapsing in an ignominious blunder—is the more distressing because it so often partakes of the ludicrous. The cool, methodical, self-possessed man, roused by an alarm of fire at the end of the street, tells his servant to wake him when the flames reach No. 30 (three doors off), and turns round to have another nap. So runs the old story. As a contrast, take the anecdote of the fussy nervous gentleman in *Leslie’s Recollections*, who kept a fire-escape—a kind of sack in which he could lower himself from his window in case of emergency. “Being suddenly awakened one night by the sound, as he thought, of the wheels of a fire-engine, followed by a tremendous knocking at the door, he descended in his sack in great haste, and reached the street just in time to hand his wife, who had been at the opera, out of her carriage.”

For businesslike coolness, commend us to that wonderful Irish squire who, when his house was attacked, admitted his assailants—only a few dozen or so—one by one through the partially opened door, and calmly killed each of them with a kitchen-knife the moment the threshold was passed. Again, there is the veteran nobleman on Hounslow Heath. “I have you now, my lord,” cries a highwayman, clapping a pistol to his lordship’s breast, “after all your boasts no single man should rob you!” “Nor should he now, but for that other fellow peeping over your shoulder!” The highwayman turns, and his lordship blows his brains out. We were always sorry for that highwayman, and are not sure which of the two would have been the greater loss to society. But let that pass. Turn now to another contrast or two. A country clergyman, late one winter’s evening, hears a tap at the window-shutter, and, excited by the recollection of a recent burglary and murder, seizes a pistol, rushes to the front door, opens it wildly, shuts his eyes, fires into the darkness, locks and bolts the door, and rushes back to the bosom of his family, little thinking that, instead of frightening a burglar, he has killed his housemaid’s sweetheart. Or take the case of the agitated old bachelor in a retired country residence, who, hearing a noise in the garden, sallies forth, taking one pistol himself, and giving another to the parlour-maid, with these emphatic instructions, “Mary, I go this way, you go that; and mind you shoot the first man you meet!” which man very naturally happens to be the luckless old bachelor himself.

An English tourist, taking an evening stroll near Naples, was hastily jostled by a stranger in a narrow path. Robberies were rife, and immediately afterwards, on putting his hand to his pocket, he misses his watch. The watch is precious, the stranger an insignificant-looking man, why should the Englishman accept so impudent a robbery? Off he starts, overtakes the supposed thief, knocks him down, shouts “Watch! watch!” in very imperfect Italian, and severely beats him. The prostrate culprit hurriedly hands out the article demanded, and the Englishman stalks away, rejoicing to have recovered his property, and proud of the pluck he has displayed. On reaching his hotel, he enters his bedroom, and behold, there is his own watch quietly ticking on the chimney-piece! He has committed, all unconsciously, a flagrant highway robbery, and makes a precipitate flight from Naples to escape the clutches of the police. Some men in critical circumstances will exercise apparent self-possession curiously blended with utter distraction of mind. This may perhaps be explained by the supposition that the self-possession is mechanical, the mere result of habit, and not an act of the will in the usual sense of the word. Such a form of fictitious presence of mind may operate though courage be extinguished, and even reason suspended, by the shock of a sudden peril. The following is an authentic instance. A passenger fell overboard from a sailing-boat in deep water with a fresh breeze blowing. The boat was instantly put about, and the man swam towards it. He was nearly within reach of the outstretched hands of the crew when his hat blew off and floated away. The man coolly turned and swam after it, reached it with difficulty, fixed it firmly on his head, and once

more breast the waves in the direction of the boat. In a few minutes he was laid hold of and safely hoisted on board. No sooner was he there, than he thrust his hands into his pockets, and flung, first his purse, then his keys, into the sea, and was going to fling his watch, when the sailors seized his hands. He was for the moment an irresponsible lunatic, and the calm determination not to lose his hat was probably a mere mechanical instinct.

Women often evince abundance of self-possession. In America, passengers by railway are given metal checks, or counters, for each article of luggage, failing to produce which their luggage will not be returned to them. An English lady travelling in America with a quantity of luggage, felt her pocket picked in a railway carriage by a man sitting beside her, and her bunch of keys and luggage-checks abstracted. The lady feared to charge the man with the theft, he being the only passenger besides herself in the carriage, and held her peace until the train reached its destination. Then, the instant the railway guard put his head into the carriage and asked to see the luggage-checks, she quietly pointed to her companion, and said, “That gentleman has mine.” The man, wholly taken aback, delivered them without a word, and the lady’s luggage was saved. We like much the anecdote of the two ladies sketching on the sea-shore. “A monster in human form,” to use newspaper phraseology, invaded the locality, and, stripping off his clothes, commenced disporting himself in the water exactly in front of the rock where they were sitting. The ladies neither screamed nor ran away, but tranquilly put up their drawing-materials, and as soon as the intruder had swum out a convenient distance, seized the “monster’s” wearing apparel, and carrying it off, left it at a farmhouse two miles distant from the shore. But perhaps as good an instance of feminine *sang froid* as could be wished is that of the late Mrs. Burdock, hung for murdering an old lady at Bristol for the sake of her money. Mrs. Burdock, followed by the usual procession of clergyman, sheriff, and other officials, was proceeding to the place of execution outside the gaol where she had been imprisoned. Suddenly the procession comes to a full stop. What is the matter? A slight drizzling rain is falling, and Mrs. Burdock declines to move an inch further without an umbrella. There is no help for it; clergyman and officials, hangman and mob, are kept waiting five minutes whilst one of the party hastens to the governor’s house to borrow the required article and shield Mrs. Burdock from the rain for the brief remainder of her existence. We remember an abortive case of presence of mind which rather provoked amusement. An elderly lady of strong mind, living in a picturesque but lonely cottage *orné* on the outskirts of the New Forest, sees to her horror three shipwrecked sailors, with the usual paraphernalia of rags, ghastly wounds, and formidable bludgeons, gazing attentively through her drawing-room window. “John—William—James!” exclaims the strong-minded lady, ringing the bell violently, and affecting to summon a regiment of able-bodied butlers and funkeys. “Ah, you needn’t make a noise, ma’am,” replied the spokesman of the agreeable little party on the lawn—“we’ve been round to the back, and there ain’t such a thing as a man on the premises!” It would be unjust not to add that the visitors presently decamped, satisfied with a half-crown and a basketful of broken victuals.

However much we may admire the cool-headed self-possessed man, it cannot be denied he is often exceedingly aggravating. He stands on a high elevation, and regards his more susceptible fellow-creatures with pity bordering on contempt. Shoot with him, and it is he who knocks over all the birds, consoling you, when your gun goes off prematurely and peppers the keeper’s legs, by the goodnatured assurance that he never saw a fellow in such a flurry. Hunt with him, and after the first burst you find yourself in the middle of a brook, whilst your friend, who has gone round by a bridge you had forgotten, is high and dry on the other side, affectionately urging you to “take it coolly!” Saim with him, and in your efforts to outdo him, you are seized with premonitory symptoms of cramp, and are grateful to float back to your bathing-machine, humbly leaning on your friend’s imperturbable shoulder. Play billiards, and he composedly pockets the balls or executes scientific cannons for twenty minutes running; and when, in your efforts to retaliate, you send all three balls off the table simultaneously performing parabolic curves in various directions, he jocosely recommends you “to draw it mild!” Walk with him, and accidentally encounter a mad dog careering full speed along the highway. You rejoice inwardly, for now at length your self-possessed friend must behave like a vulgar mortal, and fairly take to his heels in an agony of alarm. Not a bit of it. He quietly steps behind a tree, and lets the dog run by; whilst you, unhappy man, fly wildly along the high road for a quarter of a mile, the rabid animal snapping at your coat-tails, and are compelled at length to take refuge in a horse-pond of uncertain depth and disagreeable odour.

“The more haste the worse speed.” “Slow and sure wins the race.” These are proverbs embodying valuable truth—the wisdom of many and the wit of one—oftener spoken than practised. After all, however, much depends on the physical temperament. Of two men, one shall be cool and steady—in short, he shall have his wits about him—the other in a hopeless state of fluster. Yet for the one to rebuke the other would be as

shabby as for the pilgrim with boiled peas to scoff at the limping gait of his less fortunate companion. The two are unequally matched. It is often a mere affair of the pulse. So many beats more or less make a man a fidgety ne'er-do-weel or a tranquil hero. No doubt the mental power and the earnest will are not to be ignored. They come distinctly into play, and modify or override man's natural tendencies and infirmities. No one is justified in resigning himself to a fussy temperament without a struggle. Self-respect and a due regard for the comfort of society should stimulate resistance and invite perseverance. Much can be done by forethought and preparation—by clearly realizing what you have undertaken to do, or what is likely to happen to you under given circumstances, and by labouring to acquire a habit of reasonable abstraction from matters unconnected with the business in hand. Yet the man who has not naturally a clear head, stolid nerves, and a pulse beating with the dogged equanimity of a kitchen clock, is heavily weighted for the race of life, and may claim generous consideration from the world at large. More especially may he claim it from those to whom kind nature has imparted the useful faculty of taking things coolly, in cloud or sunshine, in tempest or in calm.

REVIEWS.

SIR G. C. LEWIS ON THE ASTRONOMY OF THE ANCIENTS.*

THIS is a surprising book. Since the publication of his last work, the author has been successively Chancellor of the Exchequer, Home Secretary, and Secretary for War, and in each of those posts he has preserved the reputation of one of the most conscientious and laborious of officials. Yet he seems to have found leisure enough for the composition of a volume which no one would be astonished to hear described as the production of a German Professor who never read a newspaper, never listened to a political discussion, and never left his arm-chair except to deliver a lecture. In one characteristic only would the reader unacquainted with the authorship trace the statesman as distinguished from the mere scholar or student. The rigid canon of evidence followed, and the good sense constantly displayed, testify to a contact with practical life which is rarely permitted to the luminaries of Berlin, Heidelberg, or Bonn. They are merits not altogether peculiar to Sir George Lewis, for they constitute the great distinction of the modern English school of history and criticism.

Sir George Lewis explains that, though he has written part of the history of a science, he has not written it with a scientific purpose. The history of Astronomy, he remarks, has numerous points of contact with the general history of mankind, particularly with their primitive history. In the present state of knowledge, there are few sciences so widely removed from the affairs of life, while in ancient times there were few of such vast importance to them. Agriculture and navigation entirely depended on the study of the heavens; and as the celestial bodies were necessarily the natural objects which first of all attracted curiosity and excited wonder, the theories current concerning them are to a great extent a criterion of the progress made by the human mind in scientific inquiry, and in its enfranchisement from superstition. Added to this, the reality of much which pretends to be the history of periods of remote antiquity must always be tested by the state of astronomical knowledge. Without astronomy there can be no chronology. It is surprising how constantly this is forgotten. People bestow labour and ingenuity without limit in endeavouring to show that accounts of facts and events contained in primitive records, or extracted from inscriptions, are not incredible or inconsistent with themselves; but they omit to prove that the original authors of the story had such a knowledge of time and season as would enable them to tell it with accuracy. Had they any distinct conception of a year or of a month? Did the year always begin or end at the same period, and was it always of the same length? Were they accustomed to a uniform sequence of months? Above all, how did they count long periods of time? Had they an epoch, like the Hegira or the Birth of Christ, from which they counted backwards or forwards; or did they follow the ruder plan of reckoning by the reigns of kings or the incumbencies of priests? On all these points the advance to accuracy, wherever it can be traced, was tardy in the extreme. Where, then, we have no evidence of any knowledge at all, how can we be sure that calculations of time are not the result of mere random guessing?

The first notions of astronomy were derived from the contemplation of the fixed stars. So long as attention was confined to them, it was easy to conceive the earth as a plane surface surrounded by the ocean, and the heaven as a solid transparent crystalline vault or firmament in which the stars were fixed like studs, and whose "windows were opened" when rain fell. By the rotation of this sphere the fixed stars were moved into their various positions, and the earliest efforts of observers were directed to grouping them into constellations and noting the times of their appearance and disappearance. So far as this astronomy probably advanced in Egypt and Babylonia; and among the

Greeks it had reached this point at the era of the heroic poets. Homer speaks of the Hyades, of the Pleiades, of Orion, of the Bear "which is never bathed in ocean," and of the "tardily setting" Boötes. In the *Odyssey*, Ulysses sails by the stars, and in the *Works and Days* of Hesiod, the husbandman is to regulate his ploughing, sowing, and harvesting by the rising of particular constellations. The real trial came when the movements of the planets and of the moon, and the apparent motion of the sun, had to be reconciled with those of the fixed stars; and in this direction we have no evidence that progress was made by any race except the Greeks. When the mind, first escaping from the impression that the planetary bodies were impelled by divine personal agency, strove to find a natural explanation of their orbit, it failed to free itself entirely from the primitive conception of heaven as a spherical vault. One solid sphere having been assumed as the vehicle of the fixed stars, the next step was to suppose that the sun, the moon, and the planets were carried by various spheres included within the firmament—some advancing, some retarding, some giving obliquity to the planetary motions; and this conception of the universe as a system of transparent spheres, enveloping one another like the globes in a Chinese puzzle, underwent numerous modifications, though without changing its essential character, till it became the Ptolemaic astronomy. It is not easy, as Sir George Lewis remarks, to understand how these co-revolving orbs were conceived to harmonize in producing a single resulting motion; but the explanation which he gives is no doubt correct, that the solution was really geometrical. "The Greeks were subtle geometers, though, from the want of clocks and telescopes, their astronomical knowledge was limited and unprecise." Each apparent motion was decomposed into its compounding directions, and each of the simple or decomposed movements was supposed to be effected by a separate orb. The theory, as systematized by Eudoxus, and as substantially accepted by Plato and Aristotle, was ingenious, subtle, and complicated; but the starting-point of its inventors was undoubtedly the view of the starry firmament as a solid revolving sphere of transparent crystal.

Sir George Lewis observes that the two principal triumphs of Greek astronomy were the conception of the earth as a sphere, and the reduction of the phenomena of the heavenly bodies to uniform movements in circular orbits. Both were victories of the mind over the superficial impressions of the senses. The sphericity of the earth, since it has been circumnavigated, is matter of ocular proof. But with the Greeks this doctrine rested on astronomical considerations solely, and it was at variance with all the evidence of their senses. Similarly, no one but an accomplished geometer could see any plausibility in the Greek theory of the planetary movements. At first sight, perhaps, this theory may seem a less considerable acquisition than the doctrine of the earth's form. But this is certainly not true. Eudoxus, who carried it through one principal stage, seems to have believed in the literal existence of the revolving spheres; but Apollonius saw that this assumption was not necessary, and that nothing need be regarded but the path or combination of paths over which the planet would be carried by the spheres which had been supposed to influence its motion. This idea was worked out by Hipparchus, the great scientific name of antiquity; and the result was that most ingenious system of eccentrics and epicycles which is known to us from the *Almagest* of Ptolemy. The apparent motions of the heavenly bodies were thenceforward resolved into an assemblage of circular motions. The fundamental principle of the process was no doubt false, and the theory itself, taken as a whole, was so excessively complicated as amply to deserve King Alfonso's criticism, that he could have recommended a better plan had he been consulted at the creation of the universe. But Dr. Whewell has admitted that some assumption is even now necessary, in order that the motions of a luminary at different points of a revolution may be connected, and he allows that no assumption is so simple as that on which the Hipparchian theory is founded. "The unquestionable evidence," he adds, "of the merit and value of the theory of epicycles is to be found in this circumstance—that it served to embody all the most exact knowledge then extant, to direct astronomers to the proper methods of making it more exact and complete, to point out new objects of attention and research; and that after doing all this, it was able to take in and preserve all the new results of the labours of a long series of Greek, Latin, Arabian, and modern European astronomers, till a new theory arose which could discharge this office."

In all the principal stages through which the Greek astronomy passed, the assumption was made that the earth was the centre of the universe. Once, however, the general acquiescence in the geocentric theory was interrupted by a more original doctrine. About two centuries and a half before the Christian era, Aristarchus of Samos promulgated the hypothesis that the true centre is the sun. Sir George Lewis speaks of the theory which he proposed as exactly similar to the Copernican. Though the views of Aristarchus are only known to us from secondary sources, it seems certain that he taught that the fixed stars and sun are immovable; that the earth is carried round the sun in the circumference of a circle of which the sun is the centre; and that the distance of the earth from the fixed stars is virtually infinite. It is remarkable that this bold hypothesis was received with a cry of religious terror as loud as that which

* *An Historical Survey of the Astronomy of the Ancients.* By the Right Hon. Sir George Cornewall Lewis. London: Parker, Son, and Bourn. 1862.

greeted Galileo. If we wish to trace something like modern theological sentiment in the feelings of those times, we must look not to the popular religious creed, which had fallen too low to be worth notice, but to the opinions of the great philosophical sects which to some extent discharged the offices of modern religious belief. Both the Stoics and Epicureans attacked the theory of Aristarchus. Cleanthes, the head of the Stoical School, which was to a great extent a religious sect, proposed in mystical language that Aristarchus should be prosecuted for heresy, because he had taught that the "hearth of the universe was moveable." But, says Sir George Lewis, "the appeal of Cleanthes met with no response; the general opinion of Greece had become more tolerant of physical speculation than it was in the time of Anaxagoras and Socrates." The Samian Court of Arches escaped a lengthy argument, and Aristarchus was not driven to anticipate the "eppur si muove" of Galileo. The dissent of the Epicureans seems to have been extended impartially to every physical doctrine which was in the least degree complex, or which contradicted the first impressions of the senses. They were the common-sense party of their day. Provided with that gratuitous Atomic theory which is expounded with such confidence in the poem of Lucretius, they regarded the universe as so simple that a child might read it. Hence their astronomy was on a par with Archbishop Cullen's. "They held the earth to be the centre of the heaven, but they denied its sphericity, and the tendency of all things to a centre." They taught that the diameter of the sun was one foot; that the stars are put out when they set and lighted again when they rise; that the sun was quenched at night in the ocean, and re-illuminated the next morning. Their master, Epicurus, denounced "the low-minded technicalities of the astronomers," and insisted that the course of the heavenly bodies ought to be explained by known and familiar analogies.

The rejection of the heliocentric theory of Aristarchus by the greatest Greek astronomers was doubtless not so much owing to prejudice as to the large number of celestial phenomena which were satisfactorily and consistently explained by the current geocentric doctrine as modified a century afterwards by Hipparchus. It is difficult to say what results would have been obtained if the view of Aristarchus had been received; but it must not be too hastily assumed that science would, on the whole, have been the gainer. Even a truth may be prematurely discovered. The great strength even of the Greek scientific men lay in their imagination—an instrument of discovery ridiculously decried in this country from a supposed deference to Bacon. Babylonians and Egyptians could observe, but they wanted the nimbleness and vivacity of mind which enabled the Greeks to descry the direction in which observation was pointing. Still this imaginative activity was doubtless a snare, and required constant bridling and correction. It is possible that the heliocentric theory, if accepted at a period when astronomical observation was limited by the want of clocks and telescopes, would have overpowered the intellect by the temptations it offered to fanciful and brilliant assumption, and would have rather retarded than encouraged the advance of discovery.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN'S GARLAND.*

A VOLUME of poetry exactly suited for children—not too learned or sentimental or wise, and not too silly and babyish—is a want felt in a great many families, and Mr. Coventry Patmore has done much to supply the want by publishing this little volume. He is a poet himself, and has devoted his muse to the particular duty of hymning the delights of fire-side happiness. Family poetry is therefore in his special line; and as he has thought over his task, and has drawn upon a large stock of reading for his materials, he has in a great measure succeeded. This is a very good collection of poetry fit for children. We cannot say that it answers all our expectations, but still it has at least the merit of being the best of its kind, and of having been collected with a definite object and by a competent person. Had there been no preface to the book, it might have passed without further notice than a few words of acknowledgment and approbation. But in a short preface, Mr. Patmore finds room to tell us what is the theory on which the book has been constructed, and to show how far this theory can be carried out, what are the consequences to which it leads, and the conditions it imposes. This raises a separate question apart from that of the primary merit of the book as a collection. It makes us ask whether Mr. Patmore has hit on the true principle of arranging a collection of poetry for children, and whether his ingenious remarks on the subject are true as well as suggestive. We find some points on which we differ from him. His general principle, if not pressed too far, is, as it seems to us, a good one, but he diverges into remarks on the carrying out of his principle which appear to place him in conflict with his own work, and which can scarcely be said to be true in any sense. The general subject of the kind of poetry suitable to children is sufficiently interesting to make it worth while to dwell on these subsidiary remarks and suggestions, although, as we have said, the collection, as a collection, remains a very fairly satisfactory one, whatever may be the

value of the theory on which it is said by its author to have been conceived.

"This volume," says Mr. Patmore, "will, I hope, be found to contain nearly all the genuine poetry in our language fitted to please children—of and from the age at which they have usually learnt to read—in common with grown people." The plan of choosing poetry which is at once thought good by grown-up people and relished by children, is probably the best that could have been adopted. It embodies the union of simplicity with sterling sense and genuine poetry, which a garland of poems for children ought to display. But this general plan does not appear to guide the collection throughout. If Mr. Patmore is right in putting in all the poems he has put in, he must be taken to have made several exceptions to his rule. There are many of the poems here which can scarcely be expected to please children of the age at which they usually learn to read. What, for instance, are we to say to Poe's "Raven"? There is a jingle in it which might possibly tickle the fancy of a child, but the general impression which the poem is intended to produce is very ill adapted to a child's capacity or feelings. A child can usually read at six years of age. The "Raven" represents the morbid, dreamy uncertainties of a desponding lover under the influence of a strange species of supernatural presence. A child of six is about as much fitted to understand or relish it, apart from the jingle, as to understand and relish the differential calculus. The same sort of objection would apply to the admission of Sir Walter Scott's striking verses on Proud Maggie. They express with great power and beauty, but also with abruptness and obscurity, the feelings with which those who know the bitterness and disappointments of life watch the ignorant exultation of persons entering on the pride and splendour of youth. The child of six who pretended to comprehend them ought to be sent to bed at once. Then, again, poems embodying the sentimentalism of love-making are singularly inappropriate to children although much older than six. Loving in a general way, and marrying and living in a palace of perennial happiness, is quite akin to childish notions. Children quite understand that sweet-hearts must exist and must be very fond of each other. But love-dreams and love fancies are wholly out of their province. Mr. Patmore, for example, inserts Mr. Milnes's pretty verses beginning "I wandered by the brookside, I wandered by the mill," and describing how the love-laden lady hears nothing but the beating of her heart through a whole afternoon and evening, until at last her lover came, and then the two heard nothing but the beating of their joint hearts. This is so fanciful a fancy that it is hardly a good love poem even for adults, but for children it is wholly absurd. The very worst thing they could learn would be to listen to the beating of their hearts when their little sweet-heart was not at hand, instead of sitting quite happily and patiently nibbling sugar-plums.

On the other hand, there are poems included in this collection which scarcely fulfil the other half of Mr. Patmore's test. They may be relished by children, but it is hardly possible that grown-up people of honesty and sense can pretend to find anything beautiful and satisfying in them. Mr. Patmore has occasionally been overpowered, as it seems to us, by the authority of great names. He inserts, for example, "Alice Fell." We do not believe that any person of decent taste could for a moment affect to relish this flat, paltry little effusion if it had not been written by Wordsworth. Children may possibly like to hear about a crying girl being taken into a carriage by a compassionate traveller, but the story might be told with advantage in words of one syllable, and so be especially adapted to children of four or five. There is not a verse or a stanza in it above the level of tenth-rate mediocrity, either in style or feeling. In the same way, Mr. Patmore appears to us to be sometimes borne away by the illusion of "Old Ballads." He very properly places many rhymed stories from the old English ballads in his collection. Many of them are really poetical; and if adults can feel the poetry, children will be sure to like the story. But there are old ballads with no poetry and with a very poor story; and these certainly do not please adults, even if the children hurry over the stanzas in hopes that the story is going to improve. The most signal instance offered by Mr. Patmore is the ballad entitled the "Lady turned Serving-man." Of course all this is a matter of taste. If any one says this ballad is poetical, no one can prove that he is wrong. But we should like to hear from any judge, who had a character for critical taste to lose, which part of this easy-going doggerel has sterling beauty in it. There are also a few poems, or verses, in the collection, which seem to have been inserted for the express purpose of ridiculing the test that the *Children's Garland* is to contain no poetry that is not "fitted to please grown people." We beg to offer the following specimen, which we quote entire, exactly as it stands, for the pleasure of our adult readers:—

There was a little boy and a little girl
Lived in an alley;
Says the little boy to the little girl,
Shall I, oh shall I?
Says the little girl to the little boy,
What shall we do?
Says the little boy to the little girl,
I will kiss you!

But Mr. Patmore says that, as to the poems being calculated to please children, he knows he is right. *Experto credendum*

* *The Children's Garland*. From the best Poets. Selected and arranged by Coventry Patmore. Macmillan: London. 1862.

est. He has actually tried these poems on intelligent children, and the intelligent children pronounced them all right. We do not believe in the value of the experiment. It seems to us impossible that the question of what poems are fit for a child should be decided by the verdict of a particular child. The child does not really decide. It only echoes the decision of its interrogator. It knows the poem is meant to be approved of, and of course says that it is beautiful and interesting. Any one with a little management could decoy the most intelligent child that ever existed into pronouncing Mr. Tupper's sonnets mighty fine poetry. That some clever child has sincerely thought it happened to like exactly what Mr. Patmore happened to like, we do not for a moment doubt. But we cannot believe that this intelligent child could draw any distinction between the poems selected and those of a similar kind which Mr. Patmore has decided to omit. Lord Macaulay's *Armada*, for example, is inserted, but his *Battle of Iwy* is rejected. We should think the child that liked the one and not the other a very odd little being. Mr. Patmore's intelligent children have also agreed to banish several poems, and even authors, that the little dears might have been encouraged to approve with great advantage to themselves. "Children," says Mr. Patmore, "will not like this volume the less because, though it contains little or nothing which will not at once please and amuse them, it also contains much, the full excellence of which it will be long before most of them are able to understand." Children are quite right to feel so properly; but there are many poems passed over which would seem exactly to fall in with this description. Mr. Patmore has chosen to ignore Milton almost entirely, and yet there are many passages in Milton which children like, and which, the older they grow, the more they relish. As the volume includes extracts from long poems, we should certainly have expected to find in it extracts from Milton's shorter poems, if not from *Paradise Lost*. Hardly any description of the ordinary scenery of England is at once so excellent in itself and so taking to a child as some of the rural sketches in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*.

Mr. Patmore goes on to say that the application of the test he has selected has excluded "nearly all verse written for children, and most of the poetry written about children for grown people." It is easy to see why poems written for children should be excluded, if by that expression is meant verses not rising to the rank of poetry, but conveying some of the simpler commonplaces of poetical feeling in very plain words and easy metre. Such compositions are necessarily excluded if the collection is to please grown people. But it is not obvious why poems about children should be excluded, even if they are written for grown people. All poetry is written for grown people, and why should poetry be unsuitable for a child because a child happens to be the subject which the poet has selected? Mr. Patmore has, for some reason at which we cannot even guess, excluded Wordsworth's "We are Seven." Few poems are more touching, interesting, and intelligible to children, although the delineation of the incompatibility between infancy and a realization of death is addressed to adults. It is exactly a poem which children like, but which, when they are grown up, they find full of new meaning. It seems very arbitrary to reject it because it turns on the family history of a little girl. Nor does Mr. Patmore observe his own rule. He inserts, for example, "Lucy Gray"—a very proper poem to be inserted, full of feeling and pathos, and charming to readers of every age, but entirely occupied with describing the sad end of a little girl. It is very hard to write good poetry about children; and few poets, except Wordsworth, have been thoroughly successful in it. But if success is attained, the poem must surely be as suited to children as any poem can be that is devoted to describing adults only. And yet Mr. Patmore especially warns his readers that the necessity he has been under to adopt this strange principle of rejection is to be accepted as the reason why the volume does not contain many pieces which a reader not up to all the intricacies of the author's theory would expect to find there. The theory itself, as we have said, is a very sound one, but it will not do to repose on it too much. If Mr. Patmore had said that he had tried generally to make the best collection he could, and to put in nothing unsuitable to children nor distasteful to adults, he would have offered no vulnerable heel to criticism. But he wishes to show that his collection is theoretically perfect, and this leads him into positions which, if he had examined his own book a little more closely, he would have felt compelled to abandon.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS—FOREIGN SERIES, 1553-58.*

THIS is what we might call a posthumous work of Mr. Turnbull. The Protestant Alliance, or Protestant Association, or Evangelical Alliance (we believe all three exist, and plain men have a difficulty in distinguishing one from the other) had had its wicked way—Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Palmerston had each performed in their appropriate characters—and Mr. Turnbull, simply for believing in the Pope, had been pronounced to be unfit to transcribe and analyse State Papers. Unluckily, however, the mischief was already done. The Papers of Queen Mary's reign were already calendared; in the wonderful phrase of Protestant

declaimers, Mr. Turnbull had already written the History of the Reformation. On the odd frame of mind which mistook calendaring State Papers for writing the history of the Reformation we need not descant for the twentieth time. It is enough that, if Mr. Turnbull was set to write the history of the Reformation, he has written it—the history exists in two tall octavos. The deed, therefore, is done. All the Protestantism of all the Alliances could only shut the stable-door when the steed was stolen. If the purity of our faith was to be upset by Mr. Turnbull, it is upset already. For a Roman Catholic to calendar the State Papers of Mary's reign was to produce effects as alarming and mysterious as are supposed to result on the Speaker's naming a member. There was no knowing what might happen. The Protestant Briton would not be safe in his family circle or in his family pew; the fifth of November might pass without tar-barrels and without Town and Gown rows; Mr. Whalley's Protestant tower might fall on the heads of sound Orangemen; degrees and offices might be attainable without the necessity of cursing the Pope. Well, Mr. Turnbull has calendared the papers, the calendared papers have been printed, and the world goes on much as it did before. Possibly, indeed, as the *Great Eastern* was unlucky because she once bore the ungodly name of *Leviathan*, so it may be that our late American difficulty was owing to our having a ship bearing the un-Protestant name of *Trent*. Perhaps it was only the malignant influence of Mr. Turnbull which hindered it from being changed, as *Leviathan* was changed, into some more auspicious and orthodox title. Otherwise we cannot see that the face of nature is at all changed by the publication of Mr. Turnbull's second volume, and we suspect that the vast majority of sound Protestants are quite ignorant whether it has been published or not.

But though the dangers which the Protestant world expected from Mr. Turnbull have happily been averted, yet the Protestant world has had a very bad effect indeed upon Mr. Turnbull himself. In this series of Calendars a good introduction to each volume is one of the most important points, and very good introductions indeed the Editors generally give us. Mr. Turnbull gave a very good one to his former volume—an introduction perfectly moderate and impartial, and from which certainly no man could have smelled out whether its author believed in Pope or Presbyter. Mr. Turnbull now believes that "he should be exceeding his duty if, appointed to the specific charge of forming a calendar, he were to make any remarks beyond those which strictly relate to the papers themselves." And a little further on he says:—

I have studiously abstained from offering even a survey of the political relations between England and the Continent, or of the great questions then at issue. This, therefore, while it accounts for an introduction so disjointed and jejune, must be accepted for its apology.

That is to say, Mr. Turnbull, in his praiseworthy desire to show that he could calendar State Papers without insinuating his private opinions, has not given that general sketch of the time with which he has to deal which we hold it to be very desirable that the Editor of such a volume should give. We are not in the least disposed to quarrel with Mr. Turnbull on this head, but we are very much disposed to quarrel with Mr. Turnbull's persecutors. We do not ask for any long story, for any elaborate essay, whether wise or foolish. This series of Calendars is favourably distinguished from the kindred series of Chronicles and Memorials by the discretion of its Editors in this very respect; but we certainly think that a general explanatory sketch, enough to put the reader in a position to appreciate the Papers themselves, is wanted in all such cases, and more especially in the Calendar of the Foreign Series. The papers contain brief allusions to some facts, detailed descriptions of others, both of which often need something of a harmony. Possibly a few notes, with references to the best-known histories of the time, would sometimes be better still. The Indexes are very full and useful, but they do not always quite serve every purpose.

These collections of State Papers on Foreign Affairs are of almost more real historical value than the Domestic Series, but they do not afford so much matter of general interest and amusement. As materials for history their importance can hardly be exaggerated. The reports of ambassadors and other official persons as to what is going on in various countries are contemporary evidence of the very best kind. Gibbon and Sismondi knew long ago, though Mr. Froude has failed to find out, that public proclamations and manifestoes are oftener intended to mislead the world than to enlighten it—that they do not so much supply us with facts as with what certain governments find it convenient to be taken for facts. Doubtless they have their historical value, but not that particular value which the guileless innocence of Mr. Froude found in them. But the reports of envoys to their own Courts, which form so large a part of these volumes, really possess the qualities for which we should look in vain in public proclamations. They are the reports of persons whom we may suppose to be careful and competent observers, and who had every motive to speak the truth. The diplomatic agents of that age were commonly men of high talent. They formed less of a separate order or profession than they do at present, and we may suspect that they had often more of general statesmanship and of real insight into affairs. And if an ambassador's duty is "to lie abroad for the good of his country," the same motive urges him no less imperatively to speak the truth at home. Whatever

* Calendar of State Papers, Foreign Series of the Reign of Mary, 1553 [1553]—1558. Edited by William B. Turnbull, Esq. London: Longmans, 1861.

reserves may be needful towards strangers, to his own sovereign he is bound to be all openness. Of course an ambassador may be deceived like another man, and may mistake mere rumours or possibilities for facts. But the rumours of an age are part of its history, and a false rumour will probably be corrected by some later document. Doubtless, again, some of these papers come from mere spies or inferior agents, who may now and then have had a corrupt interest in deceiving their employers. These it is the business of the historian to distinguish from those which proceed from trustworthy informants. On the whole, these papers are of the utmost value to any one writing, or carefully reading, the history of the age; but to one simply turning over the volume—for we suppose nobody ever read straight through a Calendar of State Papers—they certainly do not afford so much pleasant matter as their Domestic fellows.

Among the important matters which come within the range of the present volume are the continuation of the long war between France and the Empire; the siege of Metz, then the latest annexation of France in her march towards her supposed "natural boundary;" the marriage of Philip and Mary; the reconciliation of England with the Papal See; the Duke of Alva's war with Pope Paul the Fourth; the abdication of Charles the Fifth; the battle of St. Quentin; and the loss of Calais. On all these important matters more or less of light is thrown by the documents in this volume. The reconciliation with Rome is one of the points which readers in general do not understand. Mary is so exclusively Bloody Mary, the Popish persecutor, that people do not remember that the persecution did not begin for a year and a half after her accession, and that for a whole year, until after her marriage with Philip, England was no more in communion with Rome than before. The Pope was still merely Bishop of Rome, and Queen Mary, like her father and brother, was Supreme Head of the Church, which Elizabeth never was. The first year of Mary's reign was in fact a return to the system of Henry the Eighth. The ancient creed and ritual were restored, but not the Papal supremacy. Doubtless Mary designed from the beginning the complete re-establishment of the old system; but she found it very easy to set up the mass and very hard to bring back the Pope. There can be no doubt that Henry's creed—Popery without the Pope—strange inconsistency as it seems to us now, was what the majority of Englishmen of that day liked better than anything else.

On the subject of the reconciliation there is a long and curious letter, in October, 1553, from Cardinal Pole to the Confessor of the Emperor. Pole says:—

With regard to the expediency of the restitution of that obedience at the present time, or the necessity of waiting for a more sure establishment of the power of the Queen, it must be considered that she is not only called to it by the rewards of a future life, but also by those of the present world, inasmuch as, failing the support of the Holy See, she would not be legitimate heir to the crown, for the marriage of her mother was not valid but by a dispensation of his Holiness; so that obedience to the Holy See is necessary to secure her power, since upon it depends her very claim to the crown.

This line of argument shows how completely un-English Pole's ideas had become in his long exile. Englishmen did not care much about the canonical legitimacy of Henry's marriages. Mary reigned by virtue of her father's will, her father being empowered by Parliament to make such a will. Were she never so much a bastard, here was a perfectly good title. And Henry's will was confirmed by the common sense of the people. Men felt that, whatever legal or canonical subtleties might be raised, the daughter of the Queen acknowledged at the time was a lawful daughter, and ought to be recognised as such. It is manifest that, on any legal showing, Mary and Elizabeth could not both be legitimate. It is equally manifest that it would have been a monstrous practical hardship to have treated either as illegitimate. When Katharine and Anne had both become things of the past, Henry saw this, and acted accordingly, and the practical sense of the nation confirmed his choice.

Queen Mary's titles after her marriage have an odd sound. The ambassador of the King of the Romans (Ferdinand) addresses her as "Madame la Roynne de France, Dangleterre, de Naples, de Jerusalem, Dyrlande, et Princesse d'Espagne." The Neapolitan title gives occasion to some learned discussion on the part of Dr. Wotton, from which he suddenly wanders to a very different subject:—

Does not clearly understand the terms used in the cession by the Emperor to the King of the Realm of Naples and Sicily; since in one letter Petro terms it "Naples and Jerusalem," and in another of same date "Naples and Sicily." Explains the diplomatic difference between the "Realm of Naples" and "Kingdom of the Two Sicilies." As these realms are *feuda Ecclesiæ*, going ever together and not well to be separated, it were better that the Emperor made the cession by known and accustomed, than in doubtful words, whereof may arise contention. As the Queen, by Act of Parliament, is to make statutes for the newly-erected cathedral churches, fears lest his fellows of Christchurch will, in his absence, seek to have further statutes devised and confirmed, which shall take from the Dean certain rights and privileges secured to him by the foundation deed under the Great Seal, as in his former absence they have gone about to do.

French spelling seems not to have flourished in those times. In a letter from Lord Clinton (No. 289), the Duke of Savoy is made to go to an otherwise unknown place called "Oayschatewe." Mr. Turnbull kindly puts "Auxy-le-Château" between brackets, or we might not have found it out.

ABBEYS AND ATTICS.*

TO those members of society who regard the modern novel as a source of amusement, and not as a vehicle for conveying instruction, it is not probable that Mr. Strickland's *Abbeys and Attics* will appear satisfactory. It may be said, of course, that the final cause of a novel should not be the mere amusement of the reader; and it is possible that when the latest schemes for the perfection of the race are accomplished, novels in general will not content themselves with so insignificant an object. But, pending the accomplishment of these schemes, and while the novel-reading mind is constituted as at present, it certainly seems that a novel which neither amuses nor interests has missed the object of its existence. From this consideration we are led to conclude that, as a novel-writer, Mr. Strickland is one of those who live before their age. And while we regret for his own sake such an unfortunate anachronism on the part of nature, we cannot conceal our opinion that it will be well for his reputation if he defers the future publication of books like *Abbeys and Attics* until such time as the world is better prepared to do them justice. At present he must expect to find some lack of sympathy in his readers; for we regret to say that there is no known test of excellence in novel-writing the application of which does not prove him, not so much to fall short of the proper standard as to be ignorant of what that standard is. A novel should be, if not simple, yet at least intelligible in its plan; Mr. Strickland's production has either no plan at all, or a plan which is Protean in its ingenuity in baffling the attempt to grasp it. A novel should have a central figure or two, on which the eye, wearied with the endless shiftings and combinations of the subordinate characters, may occasionally repose in peace; but in *Abbeys and Attics* there is no graduation of dignity. All the characters are central, or all are subordinate, as the reader pleases to regard them. A novel which makes no pretence to ingenuity of plot should at least be able to point to that merit in its individual scenes to which the plot has been sacrificed; but in this book the individual scenes will less than anything endure a close observation. In a novel, if a personage dies, we have a right to ask why he dies; or if he survives the dangers of ultimate poetical justice, we like to know something of his future prospects. But the story before us slaughters its unoffending characters as Ajax, in his madness, destroyed the sheep; and the few who survive the general massacre escape only under cover of an utter darkness which conceals the fugitives from their implacable foe. Above all, as we have already hinted, the indispensable conditions to which a novel-writer is expected to conform are that he should amuse, or at least gently interest, his reader, and that he should by an artful concealment of his art successfully beguile him from the dedication of the story to within a page or so of the conclusion. Mr. Strickland is either unaware of these conditions or resolutely indifferent to them. Hence our fear that his present work will fail to secure that verdict in his favour which his industry has possibly deserved. A more discerning age may hereafter reverse this sentence; but a jury of twelve intelligent novel-readers of this current century, however biased in favour of novels and novelists in the abstract, would certainly return an unfavourable verdict without retiring for twenty minutes to balance the conflicting evidence.

The aid which our author has derived from alliteration in his choice of a title is only artful in the sense of successfully concealing its art. The hero of the story indeed is a painter, and in the course of a diversified career spends much of his time in rooms which, as the author describes them, can only be reached by "endless flights of stairs;" hence there is a certain propriety in calling the work "Attics." But why "Abbeys" should have a place on the title-page is less obvious. Shakespeare has however acknowledged the merely arbitrary value of nomenclature, and we suppose we must be content. Again, the dedication of a book is a point to which attention is rarely drawn by critics, being regarded in fact as appropriated to the indulgence of sentiment, and therefore outside the sphere of legitimate literary criticism. But we confess to a passing feeling of wonder on finding that Mr. Strickland dedicates his work to his "life models, with the hope that they may duly estimate the honour done them in being thus brought before the public." *Imprimis*, we are sceptical in regard to the existence of any, whether men or women, who can have served as life models to an author when he sketched such characters as pervade this book. Assuming, however, that they do exist, then if they are satisfied with their portraits so drawn—if they really do feel honoured at being thus exhibited to an astounded public—we can only think, as Mr. Pickwick thought of the friends of Mr. Magnus, that the ease with which they are satisfied is remarkable. The plot of the novel is, as we have hinted, extremely vague and impalpable; it is entirely latent, and requires the utmost delicacy in developing it. We doubt, in fact, whether the story should not be regarded as an enigma of which the *Œdipus* has yet to appear. Perhaps there is no plot. On such an hypothesis, the author resembles those gifted but disagreeable members of society who delight in propounding some mysterious conundrum to a domestic circle. When the requisite amount of mental toil has been spent in fruitless endeavours to answer it, the propounder is unanimously called on for the correct solution,

* *Abbeys and Attics; or, Sketches of Artist Life.* By Julian Strickland. London: Freeman. 1861.

and the company is at length apprised that the riddle never had an answer, and that their labour has been simply thrown away. Regarded, however, only as a riddle, this story is, we submit, unnecessarily mournful and melancholy in its colouring. It is conceived from the darkest view of society and of life. It has the mystery and gloom of Mr. Edgar Allan Poe—whose poetry, indeed, our author delights to quote—without the singular music of that gentleman's verse or the clear diction of his prose. It is Mr. Poe deprived of those attractions which alone render Mr. Poe tolerable.

The story, as we have managed to disentangle it, is as follows. We have a certain painter, one David Ralli, on whom Art has smiled in his cradle, but on whom an inexorable Fate has frowned. Guided by circumstances beyond his control, he has abandoned himself from an early period to the pursuit of high art, and, on his first introduction to the reader, is supposed to have attained to that excellence in his profession which so few painters outside the leaves of a novel are fortunate enough to reach. To him, thus qualified to enter in the race for fortune, a temptation is presented in the sister of his only friend, Julian Sitherton. This latter gentleman, we may remark by the way, bids fair at one time to run the painter hard for the honours of hero-ship, but, being prematurely drowned, leaves the course open for his more vivacious rival. Miss Sitherton receives the addresses of Mr. Ralli with considerable kindness, but, being herself also addicted to high art in the profession of music, she contemplates marriage only from the artist point of view, and, with many expressions of innocent regard and affection, she refuses him. As, in accomplishing this feat, she "takes his hand, and, catching one of his bright curls, turns his averted face towards her" with the apostrophe, "You dear boy," we presume that her adorer feels the bitterness of his cup somewhat sweetened, and accepts her proffer of sisterly affection with the requisite calmness and philosophy. On his next appearance on the stage, David has not only become famous, but is enabled to present us with a wife and an increasing family of children. We are led to infer that a considerable period is supposed to have passed since the prelude, and we naturally feel a little curious as to his doings in the interval. Towards the middle of the second volume the veil is raised, and the painter tells his own story. It appears that in pursuit of his profession he had betaken himself to Italy, and there met the young and beautiful Emily Rothwell. The circumstances which attended their first acquaintance are unusual in our country, though possibly of common occurrence in Rome. It appears that the young painter was struck by her beauty as he saw her walking with her family on the Pincian Hill, and, expressing his admiration in pantomime, was presently rewarded by her "falling behind her stately sisters, looking back from her cloud of golden hair, and smiling in a merry, artless, and bewitching manner." Following up this promising beginning, he takes an early opportunity of trespassing after nightfall on her father's grounds, and has the happiness of seeing his beloved in the company of the villain of the story—an Italian count, who, in spite of being married, is apparently paying his addresses openly to Miss Rothwell. It does not appear that as yet Mr. Ralli and Miss Rothwell have exchanged remarks; but, on this occasion, she recognises him by the moonlight, drops her handkerchief as a temporary sop to his impatience, and returns presently to introduce herself to her lover, commencing with the straightforward remark, in reference to her late companion, "The old fool, I could not get away from him." Recalling this scene in his autobiography, the painter confesses that he had never spent an hour of such delirious joy as the ensuing conversation afforded him. Many similar hours appear, however, to have occurred subsequently; nor do her "stately sisters" express anything but an indolent wonder "where she could have hidden so long." The time at length becomes ripe—the Count's wife is discovered by the painter to be satisfactorily alive—and the happy pair elope. They return to England, and the painter devotes himself to his profession. Fortune, however, frowns on his efforts. Some unseen enemy, the Italian Count for a ducat, criticises his professional talents unfavourably in the papers, and prejudices the great British public against him. He falls back from historical pieces to portrait-painting; and society continuing to exercise its privilege of choosing its portrait-painters for itself, he is gradually reduced to utter poverty, and finally dies—we presume of starvation, though a coroner might sum up for a different verdict—in an "attie." His wife has already died—having, however, lived long enough to destroy a grand picture on which he had for some time concentrated all his efforts, on the reasonable ground of its occupying his time and diverting his attention from his wife and family. In the meanwhile, Miss Sitherton has turned up under the name of Madame Rossa—the cause of which change of title is not made clear—in sufficient time to have saved the life of her former adorer. The novelist, however, perceives the danger, and averts it by first picking her pocket of a cheque which she was conveying in person to Ralli—then making her send another cheque by a servant who never reaches his destination—then despatching her out of London to see a sick relation for whom she did not care—and, finally, causing Ralli to change his lodgings and omit to leave his future address behind him. By these artless expedients sufficient time is provided for the hero to be starved with decency, and the author triumphantly conducts Madame Rossa to her lover's deathbed just in time to be too late. This is a compendium of the story. It is right to state that there are a multi-

plicity of other characters introduced, but their influence on the life and death of the hero is not clear.

The villain of the piece, Count Luis Rinalzi, is a remarkable conception, uniting the peculiarities of the Fosco type to the depraved morals of Mrs. Radcliffe's bandits. He turns up in every place where he might reasonably be presumed to be absent, and manages to condense into a small space an amazing amount of villainy. As is usual with such characters, he is uniformly successful with the fair sex in spite of the most serious disqualifications of personal appearance. He has been married twice, and the second wife—who is described as extremely beautiful, and passionately attached to him—declining to die of her own accord in order to make way for a successor, is removed by the simple machinery of poison prepared in her presence and administered with his consent. Yet, to judge from the curious descriptions of his face and features, the Count can hardly have been an easy subject for a fashionable painter of portraits. If the author has intended in his novel to teach us the habits of ordinary life, he will have effected his purpose by an application of the principle of contradiction rather than in any other way. Our knowledge of life may be increased by our reading *Abbeys and Attics* only if we remember that life is precisely the reverse of what it is there represented to be. Daughters discuss with mothers the comparative advantages of female virtue on the one hand, and mere reputation on the other. Fathers box the ears of grown-up sons in the privacy of a crowded ball-room. Husbands direct their wives to kiss admirers who are in no way related to them. Brothers address their sisters by the candid apostrophes of "shameless reptile," and "little harlot." In these respects the book is as bad as it can be. In the matter of style and diction it is not better. The author is rich in metaphor; but the extravagance, the complexity, the impossibility of his metaphors must be seen to be appreciated. He makes one attempt at etymology, and it is to derive "furnished" from "fame"—life of course being consistently regarded from the artist point of view. He displays only once his familiarity with the Greek language, and to do so he makes a brother address his three sisters thus, "The devil admire you all! I see, faith, woman is very properly defined to be Ζῶον Ὀλοχόσμον, an animal that delights in finery."

ACKERMANN ON THE CHRISTIAN ELEMENT IN PLATO.*

WE have had occasion more than once to call the attention of our readers to the increasing popularity of Plato. If supply is to be taken as an index of demand, the fact is incontestable. No less than three several translators have, within the last three or four years, presented the public each with one or more of the Platonic Dialogues in English. This taste has appeared among Christians at various eras in the history of the Church. It is found especially in the early Greek Fathers; it accompanied the revival of learning in Italy; it reappeared in England among the philosophic Latitudinarians of the seventeenth century. This fact is stated at length by Dr. Ackermann in his first chapter, and the remainder of his work may be regarded as an answer to the question, What has made Plato popular among Christians?

Dr. Ackermann takes some trouble at the outset to show what was *not* the cause of this popularity, while he allows that it may have had something to do with it. He here refers to the incidental resemblances between Platonism and Christianity. "We meet with not a few places," he says, "which strikingly remind us of passages in the Holy Scriptures, and have even a striking verbal resemblance to these." Perhaps, when the parallels are examined, the resemblance will be found not to be in every case so striking as is intimated by Dr. Ackermann. To take his first instance:—

In the *Phædo*, for instance, the destiny of men after death is described. It is there said of the tormented: "they call on those whom they injured, and entreat and implore them to suffer them to go out into the lake, and to receive them," etc.—just as Jesus relates of the rich man who was in hell and torment.

The point of contact is here something so very secondary and subordinate as to be (to our mind) quite insufficient to found anything like a comparison upon. The same may be said of the following:—

The passage in the *Republic*, where the State within men is spoken of, reminds us of the beautiful saying of our Lord, "the kingdom of heaven is within you." "No man can serve two masters," says our Lord; "to honour riches," maintains Plato, "and at the same time practise temperance, is impossible, since either the one or the other must necessarily be neglected."

In fact, nothing can be vaguer and more indeterminate than the connexion which the writer labours to find between the Gospel and the Platonic writings, in all that concerns their outward form.

This, however, Dr. Ackermann proceeds to tell us, is not the true account of the popularity of Plato among Christians. He then tries something deeper, and calls our attention to certain more substantial points of similarity. The conceptions of the Deity, of the Personality of God, of His moral as well as physical attributes, of human responsibility, of sin, of the immortality of the

* *The Christian Element in Plato and the Platonic Philosophy.* Unfolded and set forth by Dr. C. Ackermann, Archdeacon at Jena. Translated from the German by Samuel Ralph Asbury, B.A. With an Introductory Note by William G. T. Shedd, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1861.

soul, and of a future state of rewards and punishments, are, if not quite like those developed in the Gospel, certainly much more like them than anything else to be found in the philosophy or religion of heathendom. The Platonic conception of Deity is well sketched in the following passage:—

There is no slight resemblance between the biblical and Platonic theology with respect to the Divine attributes. They are nearly the same, except that Plato does not seem to mention the Divine Omnipresence and Holiness. God is *eternal*, i.e., according to Plato, without beginning and end, above and beyond all Becoming; all relation to time and space, all that is sensuous and successive is expressly denied to him. He is the cause and source of all motion, and all life, eternally moving Himself. With supreme Power, He unites supreme Wisdom; His almighty will holds together the universe, which He has ordered in the wisest manner. He is not merely *wise*, He is Omniscient, nothing escapes Him, nothing remains hidden from Him; while He surveys the whole, He sees also every individual. With the most perfect insight, which He possesses, is connected His integrity and veracity; He is a God of truth, who hates falsehood, and to whom all desire of deception and shifting pretence remains eternally strange. He is both just and benevolent. He allows no wickedness to go unpunished, no virtue unrewarded. His peculiar nature consists in His benevolence, which desires the welfare of All, does good to All, and is never the cause of evil; and since true and eternal Goodness ever has in itself complete sufficiency, the purest happiness must ever dwell with the Godhead. This attribute of blessedness excludes not only all pain and longing, but also every affection and passion. In this, Plato's theological terminology differs from that of the Bible. The Bible does not avoid speaking of a divine repentance, anger, etc.; but Plato will nowhere tolerate such conceptions and expressions, conceiving them unworthy of the Godhead and injurious to true piety; and their frequent occurrence in the poets was one of the chief reasons of his severity towards this class of persons. The reverence and adoration of God which Plato requires, corresponds with the worthy conception which he had formed of the Godhead. He requires, we might say, a worship of God in spirit and in truth (John iv. 24); that is, with pious feeling and upright conduct. God is not honoured by ceremonies, prayers, and sacrifices—the profligate may offer these without being able to bribe God with them, or to obtain His favour by flattery—but by an earnest striving after virtue, and by pure and deep piety. When we pray, we must never forget that God knows what is for our peace better than we do; and hence we must always leave it to His wisdom what, as the best for us, He will grant or deny.

But even in these more inward resemblances Dr. Ackermann fails to find the true cause of the appreciation among Christians of the Platonic philosophy. The writer proceeds at great length in search of the real point of contact. In the true German fashion, he hunts out the *mittelpunct* of Platonism and of Christianity respectively. In this process, he leads us through a good deal of rather hazy disquisition, plentifully besprinkled with hard words. The declaration in the Preface is unfortunate:—

The examination itself is of so high and genuine human interest, that I thought myself under obligation to procure, even for those who are not by profession theologians or philosophers, the possibility of participating in it. Hence I have sought to preserve in the text a language intelligible to every educated person, and have put into the notes that which more particularly concerns the professional scholar.

At last we find ourselves landed in a conclusion, which may not indeed be obvious, but which seems at least to be a very simple one. Dr. Ackermann finds the central idea of Platonism to be “a *saving purpose*,” and that of Christianity to be “a *saving power*.” This, he tells us, determines the true point of contact, and shows us accordingly what it is that has made Platonism so popular with Christian writers. Now, we are neither able to confirm nor to gainsay this part of the theory. The only thing that strikes us particularly about it is, that it scarcely justified Dr. Ackermann in writing so large a book, or Mr. Samuel Ralph Asbury, B.A., in translating it. For really all it comes to is this:—The object of the Platonic philosophy was *practical*, and had a special relation to life and manners. Its ethics had a religious cast, and its theology was ethical. Its aim was to regenerate mankind, both individually and in the mass. This is its *saving purpose*. But it was only a theory after all, and, as such, impotent. Christianity, as has been repeated in sermons *usque ad nauseam*, is not a philosophy, but a life. What Platonism strove after, Christianity has been able (partially, at all events) to effect. Hence Christianity possesses, not merely “a *saving purpose*,” like the Platonic philosophy, but “a *saving power*.” Now, this is all so very simple that we are almost ashamed to let it appear in print, and yet this is, in effect, all that Dr. Ackermann's volume comes to. But when we look at that volume, and observe the tremendous titles of chapters and divisions—e.g., “The subject developed empirically,”—“The subject developed genetically,” (whatever that may mean)—“Hints for a living perception of Plato's greatness,” &c., we feel rather at a loss to know why so simple a matter required so very elaborate a treatment.

Something, of course, must be allowed for the strange appearance which German speculations are apt to present when clothed in an English dress—something, perhaps, for an inaptitude for his vocation on the part of the translator. We have not, indeed, been able to test that gentleman's work by reference to the original; but one or two obvious Teutonisms suggest to us the idea that he was imperfectly qualified for his task. In p. 209, Ackermann, or his interpreter, says—

If Nature cannot be a saviour, Art can be one. Its very name and etymology indicate that its fundamental idea is that of ability.

To an English reader this is simply nonsense. Mr. Asbury ought to have explained his author's etymological argument in a note. In p. 113, we have the following very queer expression, which none but a German scholar can possibly understand:—

That incomparable picture which Plato has drawn in the *Phædrus*, of the *span of steeds* in the heavenly life of the soul.

We quote one more passage as a sample at once of the inelegant diction of the translator, and the questionable ethics of the author:—

But yet Morality cannot be the saviour.

For it is in essence not properly a *growth*, but rather a law of life! It stands in fresh, green life only like a dry branch, hung with clattering categorical imperatives, which, indeed, frighten many a sparrow away from the wheat, but do not cause any wheat to spring. The external accordance of performance with command, morality can indeed produce, but not the internal; it can demand obedience, but cannot effect it in the heart. Not he that does right, but he that loves, is a righteous man; and this love morality can indeed beautifully describe, but never produce, because it is not letter but spirit, and arises not in the *commanded*, but in the *free will*.

Although we confess ourselves unable to conceive such an object, in or out of nature, as “a dry branch hung with clattering categorical imperatives,” we believe we are quite able to see to the bottom of Dr. Ackermann's fallacy. It is the old story of Morality *versus* Religion, which has been preached to us over and over again, and which is one of the most favourite themes of the popular pulpit. It is coolly assumed that morality resides only in the outward work, and has nothing whatever to do with the heart, the disposition, and the life—the truth being that morality, in the true sense of the word, regards the outer work only as a symptom and evidence of the deep inward principle out of which it springs. Dr. Ackermann's great countryman, the founder of the Critical Philosophy, might have taught him a better lesson. When people oppose Faith to Morality in the way adopted by popular preachers, they simply make a false antithesis; for they make a sharp opposition between Faith (which implies a religious creed of some sort) and mere outward, material virtue—altogether ignoring the possible existence of a high moral principle within, of which virtuous acts are the fruit and the symbol, but which, nevertheless, has not yet learned to recognise a religious motive.

Again, there seems to be a fallacy lurking in the antithesis between “the *commanded*” and “the *free will*.” The true opposite to a free will is not a commanded but an enforced will. But such a will is no will at all. It is a mere contradiction. For freedom is part of the idea of the will. The will which does what is commanded is none the less free, because it will freely to do that which it is commanded to do. The writer seems to us at this point to be soaring into the region of sentimentality.

Yet we gratefully acknowledge the value of many of Dr. Ackermann's observations; and although we can hardly help considering the book as a failure, considered as a whole, we think it worth reading for the sake of much that it contains.

We will conclude by extracting one such valuable passage: it relates to the influence on Plato of his master, Socrates:—

In the *atomic sense* of the word, Plato, as a pupil of Socrates learned infinitely little from his instructor; in the *dynamic sense*, on the contrary, infinitely much. The gain which Plato drew from his travels and his study of the older philosophy was eminently *extensive*; the gain which his intercourse with Socrates brought him was more *intensive*. The former enlarged and enriched his mind, exercised his power of combination, and raised him to that mental elevation which ensured him a broad survey. But the latter strengthened and deepened his consciousness, and assisted in the development and cultivation of his distinguished talents for the most inward mental activity, which moved constantly and carefully from within outwards towards an appointed goal. The ability of thinking, in the true sense of the word, Plato owed especially to Socrates. For in this consists the chief service of Socrates to philosophy, that he perceived and corrected the fundamental error in the philosophizing of his time. This fault was the hurrying to conclusions from premises which had not been thoroughly examined and established. Hence Socrates sought to lead all efforts of thought to the right starting-point and to the clear consciousness of their correctness.

THE SEVEN SONS OF MAMMON.*

MOST of the paths which a novelist can tread are somewhat beaten now; but the ways of aristocratic female sinners have hardly been sufficiently explored. A throng of enterprising French discoverers have, indeed, exhausted all that is to be recorded with respect to the form, mode, and circumstances in which a woman of elegance can violate the seventh commandment. But this particular department of feminine backsliding has been dwelt on with so much goodwill, that the numerous classes who draw their views of human nature entirely from novel reading may possibly have conceived the erroneous impression that the female capacity for sinning, in the higher classes, is limited to this one narrow and monotonous form. Mr. G. A. Sala is anxious to correct popular misconceptions upon this head. He is coming forward with a series of tales in which all the hackneyed and vulgar attractions of a novel, borrowed from the milk-and-water passion of love, are to be laid aside, and the interest which he hopes to attract for his heroines is to be derived exclusively from the more thrilling passions that inspire the *Newgate Calendar*. When the series is concluded, it will, no doubt, be republished under the title of *The Gentle Sinners of England*; and as Mr. Sala assures us that all his personages and all their misdeeds are strictly historical, it will form a graceful pendant to the works of Miss Strickland and M. de Capefigue in the same line. At present only two of the series have been completed. In the *Baddington Peerage*, the subject of genteel murder is ably handled; and it is shown how a woman may, by dint of repeated murders—some of a vulgar, some of a refined character—eventually attain to the position of

* *The Seven Sons of Mammon. A Story.* By G. A. Sala. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1862.

a duchess and lead the fashionable world. The *Seven Sons of Mammon* descends to the less exalted theme of forgery. It is shown, by an historical example, how a charming young widow can move in the best society in London and Paris, and enjoy every conceivable luxury, upon the proceeds of a system of forgery, and remain, for a very long time at least, undiscovered. Everything, however, in this case does not end as happily as in the *Baddington Peerage*; for Mr. Sala appears towards the beginning of the third volume to have been entreated on behalf of public morality, and, accordingly, to have doomed his second heroine to die in a French prison. But she is not the less graced with every charm of manner and person; and it is difficult, at the close of the third volume, though she has murdered some people, and been privy to the murder of many more, not to feel a sense of injury that the author has not gratified his readers by a reprieve.

The incidents of this last story are marvellous enough; but Mr. Sala asseverates again and again that they rest on facts which have happened within his own knowledge. "Bah! I tell you, I have known these people," is the summary reply with which he dismisses an imaginary objector to the probability of his story. If so, we can only say that his lines have not fallen in pleasant places. His acquaintance, as revealed by this single work, includes one habitual murderer and five forgers, besides Jews, swindlers, spies, and all sorts of other agreeable characters of the same kind. Yet it is difficult to refuse credit to his assertion, for though his facts seem improbable, his descriptions have every internal evidence of truth. They are wonderfully minute—as minute as a Gerard Dow—but the minuteness does not appear to rest on any fertility of imagination, but simply on an extraordinary power of microscopic observation. In the exercise of this faculty he seems to find a kind of luxurious pleasure; and the two subjects to which he delights to apply this minute portraiture are wicked ladies and gorgeous furniture. With respect to the accuracy of his descriptions in the former case we cannot speak; but as he describes both subjects equally well, and certainly paints his furniture from nature, he is entitled to the presumption that he is also well acquainted with the other portion of his subject-matter. But his merits begin and end with this vigorous power of description. If he would only take the trouble to construct a plot, he would take a high rank among the novelists of the positive school. The poetical element of novel writing is very far from him indeed. In all the characters he draws, not a single line of beauty is to be discerned. His invention, such as it is, produces no loveable or graceful lineament, but only a succession of monstrous or loathsome moral compositions, with every repulsive feature exaggerated by the very vigour of the drawing. The kind of population one meets with in his novels, be they in high rank or low, of good character or bad, one meets with nowhere else, except in a dyspeptic dream. In truth, he does not willingly busy himself with mental or moral analysis, and bestows upon it little care. He loves to delineate nothing that does not meet the eye. He will describe a woman's person with skill, and her dress and her boudoir with exquisite minuteness and force, and he will tell you, so far as mere epithets will help him to the task, what he means her character to be. But of the fine dramatic power by which all the greater novelists have raised themselves to fame, and by which a character is made to reveal itself in conversation without the help of epithets, no trace is to be found in Mr. Sala's works. Moral and mental qualities are not to be seen, and therefore he cannot describe them. There never was a representative faculty so vigorous which depended so entirely upon the eye. He is a literary photographer of exquisite skill—but he is nothing more.

These are not deficiencies which it is in his power to repair. But there are other shortcomings, which entirely mar the effect of the excellences he does possess, and which it is entirely at his own choice to remedy. The complete absence of a plot is a very formidable defect in a novel which has no delicate delineation of character to redeem it. Mr. Sala, like many distinguished novel-writers, publishes his compositions first in a serial form; but, unlike them, he does not finish each of them as a whole before he begins to put it forth in fragments. The result is, that the plot savours even more strongly of a nightmare than the characters. The author writes the beginning without any foresight of the end, and the end without any recollection of the beginning. The incidents succeed each other in an aimless, incoherent sort of way. The characters change their hue as the tale proceeds, and at the end of it retain little of their former selves except their names. Thrilling scenes constantly break in which are connected with nothing that has gone before and nothing that is to happen after; and dark mysterious hints, of which nothing ever comes, are the only record of many an embryo little plot that came to the birth in the author's mind, but which there was not strength to bring forth. Everything is sacrificed to the exigencies of the serial form. It is indispensable that every number should contain a sensation chapter, that will work up the reader's expectations, and lay him under a strong constraint to buy the next number. There must always be a mystery to work its salutary effect upon his curiosity. Whether the mystery is ever solved or not, is a matter of very slight importance. In one place, the reader is taken to a French *château*, and after an account of the *forçats* and their habitation, which is rather an inventory than a description, he is introduced to a fair-haired young English convict, who shows fight when the overseer attempts to cane him, whose name it is

mysteriously intimated is Hugh, who earnestly asseverates his innocence of the crime for which he is suffering, and attributes his conviction to the arts of a certain she-devil with ringlets, whom he describes so as to indicate the forging widow, the heroine of the story. Evidently this was intended to be the prelude to a harrowing by-plot, in which Mr. Sala's familiarity with distinguished criminals and their ways would have enabled him to pour forth fresh floods of horrible description. But nothing ever comes of it. Either space, or leisure, or patience failed; and the interesting young Englishman is summarily shot down by a sentinel towards the end of the third volume, to get rid of him without trouble. Another number is occupied with the description of the charming widow's father, who is a forger and a poisoner. He lives under the disguise of a very old man at a West-end boarding-house; and the boarders, and the landlady, and the life they lead are portrayed in a style which bears about it a faint reminiscence of Mr. Dickens and the far-famed Todgers. There is also a horrible scene in which the father boasts of his vices, and shows his daughter the poison cupboard, and counts up the enormous wealth he hopes to make with the aid of it. The readers of that number naturally anticipated some good ray poisonings, in the style of *Lucretia*; or, *the Children of Night*. If they did, they were sadly disappointed. The poisoner never makes his appearance again, nor has he the slightest connexion with the fate either of the heroine or any of the sons of Mammon. He was merely introduced to make a *piquant* number; and having served his purpose he is pitched aside. Even the very title of the story is forgotten before it has been carried through half a volume. The author very soon becomes so enamoured of his fascinating forgeress that he forgets all about the *Seven Sons of Mammon*. Only three of them make their appearance in the story at all, and only one of them is in any way involved in the history of the captivating young widow, round whose crimes the interest of the story centres. These abortive little branch plots materially weaken the effect of the main plot, and might be pruned off with great advantage.

Whenever Mr. Sala shall decide that the time has come for revising and welding together into a coherent story the monthly fragments which at present he has simply bound together in their crude state, there is another amputation for which we must plead. He has a confirmed habit of tacking on to his least admirable characters in the last chapter, when he is finally dismissing them, some description which identifies them unmistakably with well-known characters of the day. In the *Baddington Peerage*, the murdering duchess was surrounded by notorious circumstances which must have carried the mind of every reader to a Scotch duchess who at that time was a leader in the fashionable world. In the book before us, a very unattractive clergyman, whose career had been set forth at length, is ticketed among others, with the following tokens:—

The chapel in which he held forth proved a world too small for his enthusiastic admirers, and they built him a monstrous tabernacle on the site of a horse bazaar. But he was still, and incorrigibly so, an exceedingly vulgar personage. He has lately taken to lecturing on apes and vermin, and his lectures are listened to as eagerly, and applauded as vehemently as his sermons.

Is Mr. Spurgeon worth this departure from the ordinary courtesies of the novelist? And what is the precise object of perpetually lugging in the *Essays and Reviews* neck and heels in the middle of a string of criminal anecdotes?

WEALE'S NOTES ON JOHN VAN EYCK.*

WE had occasion lately, in a notice of the Life of Caxton by Mr. Blades, to call attention to the great richness of the registers and documents preserved, in spite of all the political convulsions of the Low Countries, in the archives of the old city of Bruges. This mine has again been explored by an English resident in Bruges, Mr. W. H. J. Weale, whose researches have been rewarded by some valuable discoveries which throw light on the history of John Van Eyck, of Hans Memling, and of that early Flemish School of Painting of which they were the chief ornaments. These new facts, so far as concerns the earlier painter, are given to the world in a controversial form as a refutation of certain mistakes of M. l'Abbé Carton, and of certain theories of M. Le Comte de Laborde. Mr. Weale has long been engaged, we believe, on a complete history of the School of Bruges. He prefers clearing the ground by this preliminary refutation of his chief opponents, so that the narrative of his promised history may not be needlessly interrupted by controversial disquisitions.

Comparatively little is known about the actual facts of the lives of the brothers Van Eyck. But the Abbé Carton, in a memoir published in 1847, professed to have discovered that John, the younger of the two, on his return from Portugal in 1430, lived at Bruges till his death in 1441. This assertion was based on certain entries in the archives of the church of St. Donatian, from which it appeared that John Van Eyck became tenant of a house held under that chapter, and that his widow paid rent for it for two years after his death. Of course these additional and important dates were at once accepted by writers on art. They gained a place in all new biographies of the painter, and, in particular, were

* *Notes sur Jean Van Eyck, &c.* Par W. H. James Weale. Bruxelles: Lacroix, London: Barthes and Lowell. 1861.

adopted by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, the authors of Mr. Murray's excellent handbook of the Early Flemish Painters which was noticed in these pages at the time of its publication. Mr. Weale, who deserves credit for careful and original research in compiling his history, has discovered no less than seven instances of inaccuracy in the Abbé Carton's original statement. Some of these are unimportant enough, but we are not sorry that they have been rectified, for writers on art, as well as on other subjects, are not to be excused needless inexactitude even in small details. Mr. Weale has now shown that John Van Eyck did not become a tenant of the chapter of St. Donatian till 1432, which was the year in which his greatest work, the Adoration of the Mystical Lamb, was finished and placed in the church of St. Bavon in Ghent. Another interesting entry has been exhumed from the accounts of the city, recording a gratuity given to John Van Eyck's apprentices when the burgomasters and some of the council visited his studio in Bruges, in July or August 1432, to see certain pictures which he had lately finished. Mr. Weale tells us that a picture in the possession of Mr. Weld Blundell is signed by the painter and dated in 1432, with the addition of the word *Brugis*. This was probably one of those very pictures, and perhaps the first that he painted in his new abode. The fine portrait by Van Eyck in our National Gallery, known as the Leal Souvenir, is dated October 10th in the same year. M. Carton, it appears, concluded that John Van Eyck inhabited the house which he rented; and this supposition is so probable that we may accuse Mr. Weale of hypercriticism in arguing against it on the grounds that no records exist to prove that the painter used his privileges as a parishioner of St. Giles, in which parish, as it seems from Gérard's map of Bruges in 1562, that particular house was situated. It is startling to find an argument grounded on the non-existence of entries in a register of the fifteenth century. On the other hand, the present author establishes, with much ingenuity, the actual date of the painter's death to have been July 9, 1440, a year earlier than M. Carton's computation. But it is impossible within any moderate compass to give a notion of the arguments by which he establishes this point.

The concluding part of Mr. Weale's brochure deals with the interesting question of the real interpretation of the well-known picture by this master in the National Gallery (No. 186), which has hitherto so hopelessly puzzled all critics. Here he finds himself opposed not only to the Abbé Carton, who evidently has never seen the picture, and who even doubts its being a genuine work by Van Eyck, but to M. de Laborde, a much more formidable antagonist. Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with this beautiful specimen of the careful manipulation of the Old Flemish School. Mr. Wornum, in the official catalogue, describes it accurately enough, and gives a short history of the adventures of the painting before it came into the possession of the British Government. He calls it simply "Portraits of a Flemish Gentleman and Lady;" but, understanding the inscription upon it, "Johannes de Eyck fuit hic, 1434," as "John Van Eyck was this (man)," he inclines to the opinion that it represents the painter himself and his wife. The Count de Laborde's theory about this picture is much less prosaic. He calls it *La Légitimation*, and thus describes the man's attitude—"Il lève, en signe de témoignage, sa main droite, tandis que de la gauche il tient la main d'une jeune femme dont l'état avancé de grossesse est évident." He goes on to describe the concave mirror which hangs on the wall of the room, and declares that the scene represented in the picture is reflected not only in the central mirror but in ten small mirrors, also concave, which form its border. Finally, the inscription "Johannes de Eyck fuit hic" is explained as conveying the painter's personal attestation. "Cette inscription ne se rapporte pas à l'œuvre d'art, mais à la scène représentée, et dans cette hypothèse elle devient un document biographique. L'artiste a pris ce moyen bizarre, mais ingénieux et bien approprié à ses occupations, de légitimer un mariage naturel fort avancé. Il consacre sa bonne foi par un chef-d'œuvre." This fanciful theory is ruthlessly demolished by our present critic. He argues that the lady is not in the condition described in this extract; and he states that the tenfold reflection of the scene is purely imaginary, the so-called mirrors being really groups of sacred subjects. Here Mr. Wornum agrees with him. "In the frame of the mirror," says the Official Catalogue, "are ten minute circular compartments, in which are painted stories from the life of Christ." A minute examination of the reflection in the concave mirror reveals to Mr. Weale not only a surprisingly accurate perspective of the backs of the two standing personages, but a further view of an open door through which two figures are approaching in order to greet the present tenants of the room. He thus develops his counter theory:—"Malgré les dimensions minimes de ces figures, je n'ai aucune hésitation à émettre l'opinion que ces deux personages sont Jean van Eyck, le peintre du tableau, et sa femme, ce qui explique très naturellement l'inscription qui se trouve tracée sur la muraille immédiatement au dessus du miroir, *Johannes de Eyck fuit hic* 1434. C'est à dire, Jean van Eyck fut ici, dans cette chambre, chez ses amis, quand il fit leurs portraits qui se trouvent ici." The next step is to show how these friends of the painter were whose portraits he thus immortalized; and this Mr. Weale flatters himself that he can prove almost to demonstration. First he argues that, although there may be some sort of resemblance between the woman in this picture and the wife of John van Eyck, of whom there is a portrait at Bruges; yet the man is wholly unlike the

traditional figure of the painter himself in the "Mystical Lamb" at Ghent, and in his almost equally famous "Triumph of the Church," in the Santa Trinita Museum, at Madrid. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, who have given an engraved outline of the latter marvellous picture as the frontispiece of their book, have anticipated Mr. Weale in this remark. But if these figures are not Van Eyck and his wife, who are they? Mr. Weale answers that they are the portraits of one John Arnolfini, or Arnoulphin, "compagnon et facteur de Marc Guidecon, marchand et drapier de Lucques." That Bruges was a great centre of commerce in the fifteenth century is a well-known historical fact, and M. de Laborde, in his *Ducs de Bourgogne*, mentions these Italian traders in particular as settled there. The earliest notice of this picture that has yet been discovered occurs in the catalogue of the Gallery of Margaret of Austria, in 1516, where it is described as follows:—"Ung grant tableau qu'on appelle Hernoul le Fin, avec sa femme, dedens une chambre, qui fut donné à Madame par Don Diego, les armes duquel sont en la couverture du dit tableau. Fait du peintre Johannes." Eight years later, in 1524, the description is somewhat fuller. "133. Un autre tableau fort exquis qui se clot à deux feuillets, ou il y a paintz un homme et une femme, estants des boutz, touchantz la main l'ung de l'autre, fait de la main de Johannes, les armes et devise de feu Don Dieghe esdits deux feuillets nommé le personnage Arnoul." This Don Diego is identified as Don Diego de Guevara, a member of a noble Spanish family, of which a branch was settled in Flanders. In 1556, we again hear of the picture as being then in the gallery of Mary, the sister of Charles V., and Queen Dowager of Hungary, who was then Regent of the Netherlands. It is Van Mander who gives the story that the Regent bought this picture of a barber in Ghent for a place worth a hundred florins a year; and neither Mr. Wornum nor the authors of *Early Flemish Painters* carry back the history of the picture further than this apocryphal legend. On the other hand, Mr. Weale might have condescended to notice this story of the barber, and to discover the authorities on which it rests, though it was no business of his, perhaps, to explain how a picture belonging to Margaret of Austria could fall into such hands. Certainly it seems more probable that the picture should have descended from one lady to the other without the intervention of the barber. The identity of the picture may be safely assumed, we think, when we find it thus described in the inventory of the effects of the Regent Mary still preserved in the Royal archives of Simancas:—"Una tabla grande, con dos puertas con que se cierra, y en ella un hombre é una muger que se toman las manos, con un espejo en que se muestran los dichos hombre é muger, y en las puertas las armas de don Diego de Guevara; hecha por Juanes de Hee, año 1434." M. Pinchart, who was the first to bring to light this Spanish memorandum, supposed that the picture represented Don Diego and his wife; but, putting the different accounts together, it seems more probable that the personages are really John Arnolfini (travestied as Hernoul le Fin) and his wife. After 1556 the picture disappeared, and was found by Major General Hay hanging in the room which he occupied in Brussels in 1815, when recovering from the wounds which he received at Waterloo. He bought it, and sold it in 1842 to the National Gallery. Mr. Weale has discovered that John Arnolfini was settled at Bruges in 1420, and that he married Jeanne de Chenany, who was probably a Fleming. Arnolfini was knighted and advanced to honours. He died at Bruges in 1472, and was buried in the chapel of the merchants of Lucea. The identification of these portraits, if it is to be trusted, is certainly very curious. It must be admitted, however, that the man looks much more like a Fleming than an Italian. Mr. Weale should have supported by reference to other illustrations of costume his incidental assertion that the man's broad-brimmed hat, "en paille tressée, couleur foncée presque noire," is of a shape "tout à fait italienne." It is far more likely that a Lucchese settled in the Netherlands would wear the costume of his adopted country.

That Mr. Weale should be needlessly severe upon the Abbé Carton does not much surprise us, for we have long doubted whether controversies in art or in theology are the more bitter. In conclusion we shall be glad to welcome the result of the author's labours in writing the history of the school of Bruges. He is already favourably known as the author of a good catalogue of the Museum of the Academy of that city. We observe also with pleasure that M. Edmond de Buscher is preparing a new edition of his researches into the history of the school of Ghent.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE is something about M. Alphonse Karr's writings which is so irresistibly fresh and honest, that we always welcome with pleasure any new production from his pen. He has the great merit of saying aloud what other persons are afraid of hinting except in a whisper, and he boldly proclaims on the house-tops the truths which cautious critics reserve *in petto* for fear of offending. Like most of M. Alphonse Karr's later works, *Sur la Plage** is a collection of detached aphorisms intermingled with humorous anecdotes, tales, scraps of poetry, &c. We have noticed especially the author's witty and apposite remarks on

* *Sur la Plage*. Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Michel Lévy.

the shadowy, indefinable, indescribable, and yet most real personage who, under the name of Public Opinion, rules the world far more effectually than any despot we might name. M. Alphonse Karr has long ago been declared guilty of high treason against this usurped authority, and his new work proves that he is not yet disposed to recant.

In addition to the assistance which the Emperor Napoleon III. derives from the pungency of journalists and the rare political acumen of *brochuriers*, he is also propped up by vunderous octavos, which, if they do not display any considerable amount of learning or of vigour, are at least generally conspicuous for sophistry and abuse. M. Laurent (de l'Ardèche), whilst busily collecting from Saint Simon, Duclos, Soult, and other writers, all the facts that can tell in disparagement of the Orleans family, protests, at nearly every line of his preface and of his conclusion, that he is not actuated by ill-will, and that he does not wish in the slightest degree to insult those who for eighteen years ruled over France. Like the Swiss innkeeper immortalized by Hamilton, he is constantly begging his readers pardon *pour la liberté grande*. We quite agree with M. Laurent in acknowledging that it is a most tedious and unthankful task to be compelled to wade through more than six hundred octavo pages of quotations, taken at random, without finding a single argument established, or a single new fact brought to light. The book entitled *La Maison d'Orléans devant la Légimité et la Démocratie* may be considered as a wearisome *réquisitoire*, which proves nothing whatever. Long before M. Laurent ever attempted to write, compilations similar to his own were made for the purpose of denouncing the Bonapartes; but these books fell flat from the press, and were treated with the contempt they deserved.

M. Arnould Frémy has, we are happy to say, broken off all connexion with *feuilleton* literature. He thinks that tales which appear in the shape of a volume, after having been served up by daily instalments in the columns of a newspaper, cannot expect to meet with any success; and he complains that the ever-growing spirit of industrialism has driven from the periodical press everything like a fair appreciation of novel-writing. Hence the publication of *Les Amants d'Aujourd'hui*,† which, as the author states, is an entirely new work, and, we may add, quite equal in power to M. Arnould Frémy's former productions. The history, however, is a very painful one, and the characters described have not a single redeeming quality to compensate for their disgusting selfishness. But what can we expect from a sermon of which the text is, "Love is money"? M. Arnould Frémy paints what he sees around him. There are exceptions, we grant, and all young men are not so desperately wicked as Didier de Cléart; but the novelist should not select exceptions. His personages must have the stamp of reality, and be easily recognised by those who have any acquaintance with modern society. No critic will accuse M. Arnould Frémy of tampering with vice or of clothing it in attractive colours; he is a stern moralist, and the feeling of melancholy which the perusal of his novels almost invariably produces is a tolerably good proof of their merit.

The bright exceptions we were alluding to just now—virtuous young men and innocent girls, scenes as calm and sunshiny as Florian's well-known *bergeries*, quietly-gliding streams with scarcely a ripple to disturb them, bright landscapes over which you can seldom see a cloud flitting—furnish the favourite province occupied by M. J. T. de Saint-Germain. The most *risquées* scenes of his tales would be thought by our fashionable novelists excessively dull, and his greatest reproaches might safely now-a-days compete for the Menthon prize. In *Pour Parvenir*,‡ M. J. T. de Saint-Germain has denounced the pretensions of ambitious men who wish to get on at any cost. The episode which introduces to each other the hero and heroine is somewhat improbable, but it is well told, and the author preaches with such eloquence, that even the scapegraces of the novel become reformed characters before the end of the last chapter.

We have often thought that, out of the voluminous collection of poems written at various times by M. Victor Hugo, a kind of anthology might easily be made up containing his best pieces on children and childhood. This idea has been realized by M. Stahl, and the result is an elegant keepsake, tastefully illustrated, and entitled *Les Enfants: Livre des Mères*.§ It is a curious fact that the French poet of the nineteenth century who is most remarkable for vigour of touch, energy of thought, and in general for those intellectual qualities which are chiefly allied with power, should likewise have been so happy in composing what we may call fireside poetry, and in painting the calm scenes of family life. Yet such is the case with M. Victor Hugo. If we begin at the *Odes et Ballades*, and come down to the *Légende des Siècles*, we shall find that some of his choicest masterpieces are tuned to the harmony of childhood's merry laughter, and have been written for the nursery. M. Stahl's compilation is therefore a work of peculiar merit, and no one can apply to it the epithets which are usually employed to qualify the literature

of keepsakes.¶ The illustrations are from the pencil of M. Froment.

Thirty years ago, in the days of Eugène Renduel, Gosselin, and Ambroise Dupont, light yellow was the favourite colour for fashionable novels, and a paper cover of the *beurre-frais* hue formed the indispensable garment under which imaginative writers pretended to give scenes of contemporary life. Green has now taken the place of yellow, and appears to have lately gained a complete ascendancy. M. Louis Ulbach, in accordance with custom, puts on therefore the uniform of hope; but the tragical story which he designates as *Histoire d'une Mère et de ses Enfants** might well be dressed in a more sombre garb. Madame de Brual has two children, Simon and Simone. Which of the two is the legitimate one? Such is the doubt which embitters her life, such is the penalty of her guilt. We question whether any other than a French novelist would have selected so strange a subject. M. Louis Ulbach, however, has treated it in a very powerful manner. The repulsive character of the voluptuary Lombard, the anguish of Madame de Brual, and the opposition between the two children are extremely well painted, but the true villain of the book is the husband of the unfortunate heroine, the Colonel Quincy de Brual. After a variety of incidents, his last will and testament is finally opened, and it appears that Simon and Simone are both his legitimate children. By allowing a doubt to remain respecting this important point, Colonel de Brual only wished to avenge himself upon his wife; and the feeling of intense antagonism with which he inspired Simon against Simone was a further way of expressing his own diabolical hatred. By way of contrast to this tragic story, M. Louis Ulbach has added a short tale, *Madame Gottlieb*, which is as pretty as the former one is painful.

If French novelists at the present day are rather fond of eccentricities, it would appear that travellers, on the other hand, follow too much the beaten track. So, at least, thinks M. Cénac Moncault, the author of a very amusing volume on *L'Espagne Inconnue*.† Spain, he says, has been till now identified with Andalusia. The banks of the Guadalquivir, the Alhambra, and the Generalife, are the only spots which tourists care to visit, and they deem unworthy of the slightest attention the large expanse of country extending from the banks of the Tagus northwards to the Pyrenees. M. Cénac Moncault accordingly sets before his readers the claims of Catalonia and Navarre to their attention. He takes us through a district which has hitherto received but a comparatively small share of notice, and he shows that, after all, Frenchmen are more concerned in knowing about the North than the South of Spain, since the Spanish provinces bordering on the Pyrenees have, at various epochs, formed part of the kingdom of France; *L'Espagne Inconnue* is a book far above the usual class of works of travels. It contains amusing descriptions of national character, sketches of scenery soberly yet vividly done, historical notices, generally very correct, and anecdotes of a more *vraisemblable* nature than we are accustomed to find in the journals of excursionists. M. Moncault has evidently seen the Northern provinces of Spain under the most favourable circumstances. He is anxious that a railway should bring them within easy reach of France, and the concluding chapter of his book contains a long account of the projected Trans-Pyrenean road, of its feasibility, and of the advantages which would result from it for both countries. M. Cénac Moncault has devoted a great deal of his time to the history of the regions with which he now makes us familiar, and therefore the statistical and commercial details embodied in his final remarks carry with them more than ordinary weight.

From the Spanish peninsula M. G. A. Mano takes us at once to the directly opposite side of Europe, and invites us, in a bulky blue-bookish kind of volume, to discuss once more the often handled subject of Oriental affairs.‡ M. Mano is of course very strong in his denunciation of Lord Palmerston and of the Sultan. In the name of the principle of nationalities he asks for the reconstitution of an Eastern Empire, and he consigns Abdul-Azis to political annihilation without the slightest qualms of conscience. We shall leave to professed publicists the task of analysing minutely the work of M. Mano, and merely state here the author's conclusions. In the first place, the European dominions of the Sultan are to make up two independent empires—the former being the aggregate of all the southern Slavonic principalities, and the latter including, under the title of the Neo-Greek Empire, not only the present kingdom of Turkey, but the whole of Asia Minor and all the islands of the Archipelago. According to the same scheme, Egypt, governed by its present ruler, would become a distinct state; whilst Syria and Palestine, assigned as dependencies of the kingdom of Italy, would thus be removed from the undue influence of either England or France. After thus settling the political part of his programme, M. Mano disposes of the religious difficulty in a very summary manner. Jerusalem, he thinks, should be a Republic governed by a patriarch chosen annually from the various sections of the Christian community—a kind of permanent council, or Evangelical Alliance, being entrusted with the settlement of religious difficulties, and having for its special mission the task of endeavouring to restore

* *La Maison d'Orléans devant la Légimité et la Démocratie*. Par Laurent (de l'Ardèche). Paris: Dentu.

† *Les Amants d'Aujourd'hui*. Par Arnould Frémy. Paris: Jung-Treuttel.

‡ *Pour Parvenir*. Légende, par J. T. de Saint-Germain. Paris: Tardieu.

§ *Les Enfants: Livre des Mères*. Par Victor Hugo. Illustré par Froment. Paris: Jung-Treuttel.

* *Histoire d'une Mère et de ses Enfants*. Par Louis Ulbach. Paris: Jung-Treuttel.

† *L'Espagne Inconnue*. Par M. Cénac Moncault. Paris: Amyot.

‡ *L'Orient Rendu à Lui-Même*. Par G. A. Mano. Paris: Amyot.

the unity of the Church. From this city of refuge open to the numberless shades of Christian belief, M. Mano rigorously excludes Jews and Turks, thus condemning the followers of the Koran to be, like the children of Israel, wanderers upon the face of the earth.

M. Edouard de Pressensé has just published the second series of his *History of the Christian Church during the First Three Centuries*.^{*} These volumes, dedicated to a German University, are, in point of research, interest, and beauty of style, quite equal to the two first which appeared about eighteen months ago, and will establish M. de Pressensé's reputation as one of the most eminent representatives of French Protestantism. The introductory book is devoted to what we may call the external or political history of early Christianity. The struggles which the new faith had to carry on against the Roman Cæsars, the persecutions by which it was tied, and the progress it made in spite of these persecutions, are described in a most graphic manner. The history of the Primitive Fathers then follows, including detailed accounts of their principal works, and a careful appreciation of their doctrines. The most remarkable section of this book is undoubtedly the one referring to Origen, for whom M. de Pressensé shows much sympathy, whilst at the same time he does not conceal the serious errors which lie scattered throughout his voluminous writings. Apropos of Hippolytus, the question of the authorship of the *Philosophumena* is once more opened by M. de Pressensé and decided by him in favour of the Bishop of Ostia. The second volume, like the first, is divided into two parts—the former one comprising an account of the Pagan reaction, both scientific and religious, directed against Christianity. The doctrines of Plotinus, the sarcasms of Lucian, the arguments of Celsus are examined in turn, whilst full notice is taken likewise of the manner in which the uneducated classes manifested their opposition. After this survey of the state of heathenism, comes a review of the apologies or refutations composed by Christian writers, and the whole work concludes with a remarkable chapter in which M. de Pressensé states what he conceives to be the characters of legitimate controversy, and deduces from the history of the past lessons and cautions for the future.

The long-expected edition of Madame de Sévigné's Letters† has at last appeared, and it amply realizes all the anticipations we had formed respecting it. It may be said that the origin of this undertaking, the germ from which it has sprung, is the collection of notes industriously gathered by the late M. de Monmerqué. The now hackneyed observations respecting the necessity of publishing correct texts of the great classical writers of the seventeenth century is more than usually applicable in the case of Madame de Sévigné, and a glance at the prospectus issued by M. Hachette will prove how thoroughly the work of emendation was called for. The Chevalier de Perrin, who, some hundred and fifty years ago, published the *editio princeps* of Madame de Sévigné's correspondence from the originals confided to him by Madame de Simiane, followed, in all the simplicity of his heart, the method which his contemporaries adopted in cases of the same nature. Dom Deforis had pruned Bosuet—the Jansenists had trimmed up Pascal. Why not dress the chatty Marquise according to the current fashion of the times? But we want to see our favourite authors just as they were, and not improved by the questionable taste of third-rate critics. Against those who are loud in favour of the emendating system we invoke the claims of history. From the character of some of Madame de Sévigné's letters, we are unfortunately led to conclude that a number of others have been destroyed, as being too personal, or perhaps even sometimes positively insulting. We quite understand, however much we may regret it, that such a course should have been necessary. There is less to be said in favour of that unknown critic who threw a bundle of similar autographs into the fire, under the pretext that too many specimens of the *péronnelle's* style had already been preserved. M. Ad. Rénier, member of the Institute of France, is the editor of the collection undertaken in so spirited a manner by M. Hachette. The first volume contains a biographical notice of Madame de Sévigné from the pen of M. Mesnard. It might be more properly styled an account of Madame de Sévigné and her contemporaries, for all the distinguished personages who had any intercourse with the Marquise have their due share of attention, and in the gallery of portraits painted by M. Mesnard not one figure has been neglected. This edition is to be complete in twelve volumes. The paper, the type, the notes are in every way excellent, and we are glad to see announced a series of facsimiles, portraits, and other illustrations which will appear simultaneously with the last volume.

M. Hamel expresses his wish to take up the pen in defence of religious liberty.‡ He is a barrister by profession, and we have no doubt that before a bench of magistrates he would do wonders. But we dislike special pleading, and if the author of *Marie la Sanglante* desires to become an historian, he must avoid polemics; he must forget his legal training, and endeavour to write calmly. M. Hamel's work is a pamphlet, and that is the best that we can

^{*} *Histoire des Trois Premiers Siècles de l'Eglise Chrétienne*. Par E. de Pressensé. Paris: Meyrueis.

† *Lettres de Madame de Sévigné, de sa Famille et de ses Amis*. Recueillies et Annotées par M. de Monmerqué, Membre de l'Institut. Nouvelle Edition. Vols. I. and II. Paris and London: Hachette.

‡ *Marie la Sanglante: Histoire de la Grande Réaction Catholique sous Marie Tudor*. Par M. Hamel. Paris: Poulet-Malassie.

say about it, as far as the spirit of the two volumes goes. Considered merely with respect to the style, we are disposed to judge it a little more favourably. It errs, perhaps, on the side of declamation, but we could point out here and there a few passages eloquently written, such as the description of the death of Lady Jane Grey and the account of Cranmer's last moments.

It is not very creditable to contemporary dramatic literature in France that M. Victorien Sardou's new comedy should be deemed the great hit of the season. Three large editions have not yet exhausted the success of *Nos Intimes*;* and the play-going public of Paris are loud in their praise of a work which has in reality very little to recommend it. We think that the idea of representing a good-natured man bored to death by his intimate friends is a happy one. Unfortunately, in his wish to bring out as strongly as possible the benevolence of Caussade, M. Sardou has produced a downright impossibility. We defy any one to point out to us such a thorough specimen of silliness as that wretched Caussade; and by the time we have reached the third act of the play, we lose all sympathy for a man who quietly submits to be insulted by a set of impudent egotists, one of whom he has never even seen before. The *deus ex machina* of the play is a certain Doctor Tholosan, amusing by his humour, and the most original character in the whole work. He waxes carefully and most disinterestedly over the happiness of Caussade, keeps the *intimes* from being more than downright bores, and saves his friend's honour, which the indiscretion of a young man called Maurice had nearly destroyed. We can easily imagine that M. Sardou's drama requires a superior company of performers to make it passable; and certainly no one but a Frenchman would have devised such an extraordinary manner of illustrating the triumph of conjugal duty over passion as is to be found in the love scene in the third act.

Mediocrity is nowadays the characteristic mark even of those faceties in which the Frenchmen of other times were wont to rejoice. Nothing can be imagined more desperately dull than the jokes of *L'Année Comique*,† for instance; and yet the author of the volume is perhaps hardly responsible for the heaviness of his mirth. When the persons about whom jokes would be most telling are protected by an *ex triplex* of Ministerial warnings, what can be done? Puns hang fire, and wit loses more than half its relish.

* *Nos Intimes: Comédie en quatre Actes et en Prose*. Par Victorien Sardou. Paris: Lévy.

† *L'Année Comique, Revue de 1851*. Par Pierre Véron. Paris: Dentu.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

CONTENTS OF No. 327, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.—

The Coming Session.	Earl Russell's Despatch.
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